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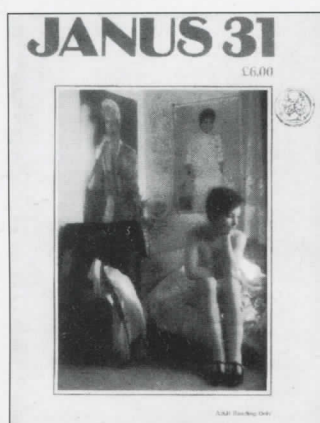


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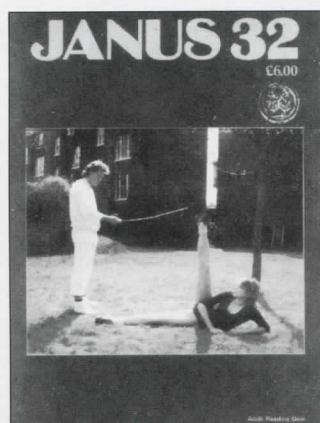
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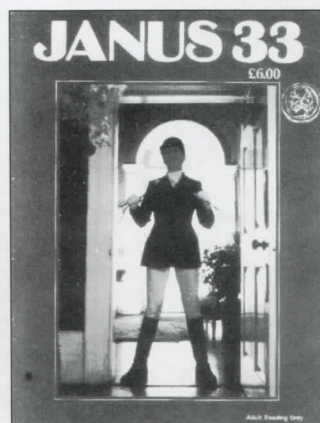
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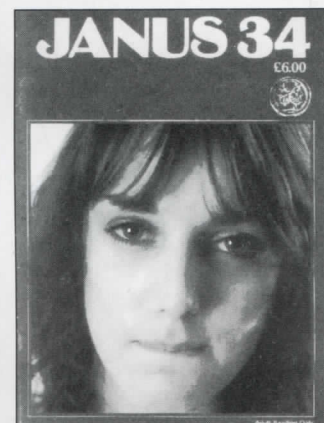
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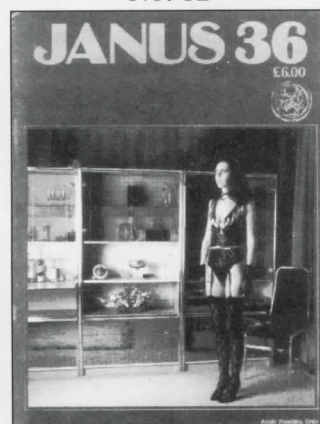
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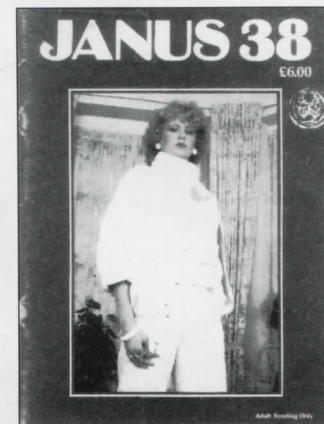
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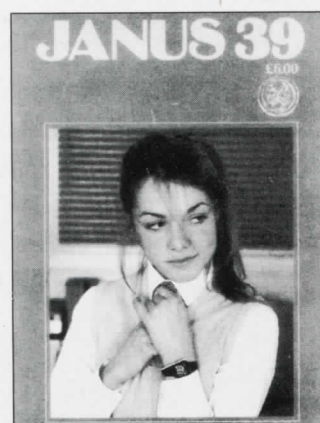
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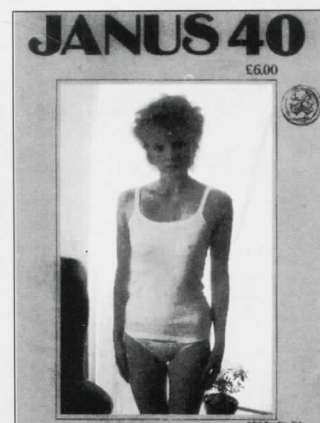
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JANUS

Number 104

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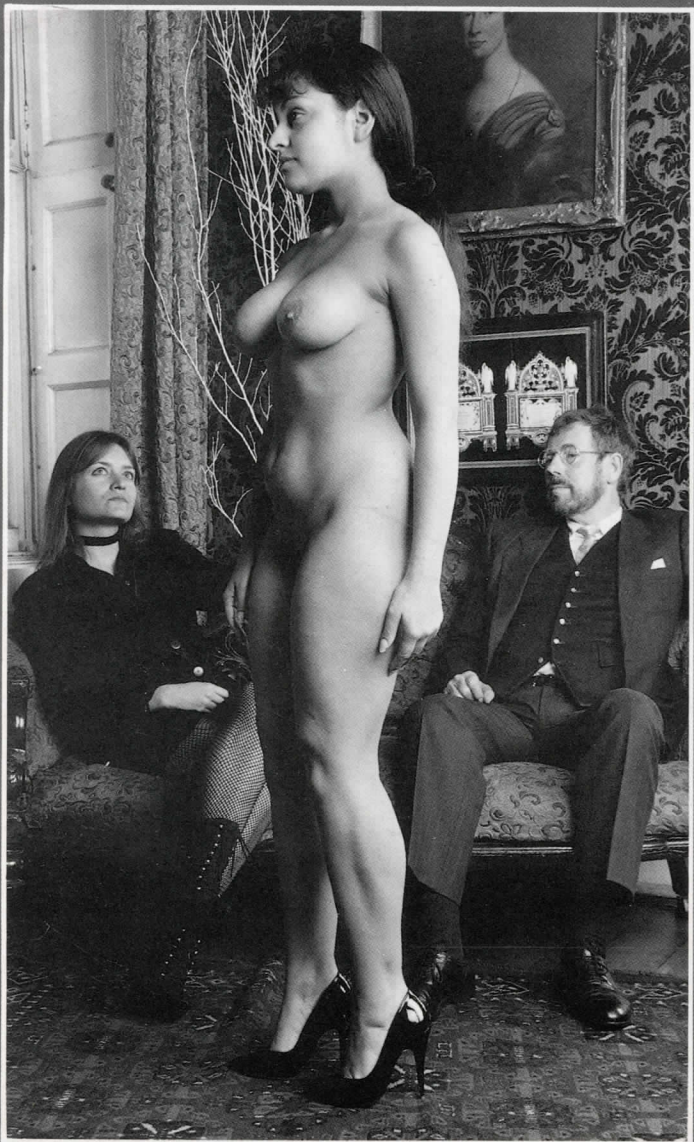
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Manipulation

photo fantasy



‘I HAVE arranged something a little bit special for our special day,’ said Anneke.

Roger Storing almost smiled, and his frosted heart began to melt. This beautiful woman was the only person in the world who had this effect on him.

‘For you are, you know, a very special person,’ continued the seductive tones. ‘For *you*, dear Roger, nothing is too good . . .’

Like many of the educated foreigners that Roger Storing had met Anneke spoke almost too perfect English. Her voice reminded him of one of those heroines he had seen in 1930s British movies, and it was impossible not to reciprocate in the same style.

Each year it was Anneke’s pleasure to celebrate the date of their first meeting. Her desire to delight this somewhat remote and loveless man was something which Storing himself found difficulty in understanding – although now that the day and moment had come he gave himself up to the mysterious excitement her near presence always induced in him. ‘Ah, bottom-sweet siren,’ whispered his thoughts. ‘Your ice-blue eyes and sinuous sin-inspiring form are melting me and making me, *almost*, your slave . . .’

‘Lita!’ Her voice rang imperiously out. ‘In here at once, girl!’ They sat side by side on his antique sofa, Anneke’s stern, beautiful face looking haughtily dominant, her glorious figure clad in leather micro-pants, fishnet stockings and high-heeled boots.

When a shapely girl scarcely older than 18 stepped, completely naked, into the room, Roger gasped. She was a peach, lushly moulded, duskily Italianate, a joy to behold.

‘Let us look at you!’ snapped Anneke. ‘Turn around.’ Obliging the young woman turned, giving Storing an eyeful of full proud breasts and bare rounded rumps which his palms itched to smack. He was not to know that the girl had come here gladly at his glacial beauty’s request, nor that Lita’s girlish worship of the other’s worldly sophistication and promise of delicious decadence put her in Anneke’s sweetly perfumed power as completely as was he.

‘Well, darling, what do you think?’

‘She’s . . . admirable,’ murmured Storing, almost salivating. Habitually a lonely man, this double dose of prime female pulchritude at such close quarters made him gasp, and he felt a stiffening of not only his sinews as his libido began to stir after its long lay-off. His mouth was dry.

‘You may serve us now,’ Anneke said with an imperious tilt of her perfect chin. The girl turned, allowing him another pleasure-dazed stare at her



globulous arse-cheeks, marched off and returned with a low footstool which she placed on the floor before them with a deeply submissive stoop. He watched her ripe breasts swinging free, and licked his lips.

'I do believe your mouth is getting a little dry, darling Roger,' purred Anneke huskily, a wicked smile playing on those lips he had never yet dared to kiss. 'Never mind, our maid will bring a remedy.' She

turned to Lita, who stood submissively waiting. 'Quickly, girl!' said Anneke with some asperity. 'You know perfectly well what to do. Jump to it!'

Moments later Lita returned with a tray bearing a bottle of champagne and Russian caviare on tiny biscuits. The girl herself had a slightly uncertain look – for, although her admired friend and now 'mistress' had warned her to be ready for absolutely anything on





this very special afternoon, the anticipation of precisely what that *something* might be was giving Lita little thrilly tingles in her tummy.

Once more she bent low, depositing the tray before them. Then, as instructed, she presented the bottle for the man's approval. Managing to drag his gaze from the girl's lushly swinging breasts, Storing noted that the brand was his favourite. He took the bottle, which was satisfactorily chill. Then, for the first time, he frowned.

'Never, *never*,' he said to the girl, glaring censoriously into her dark, troubled eyes, 'serve

champagne with the vendor's label still attached!' He removed the offending tag and handed it disdainfully to her, smelling her scented flesh and struggling for self-control.

'I'm sorry, sir,' she said meekly, happy to play her part and allow the exciting and unpredictable situation to develop.

Anneke glared at the girl as she turned her delightful bottom on them and walked away. But Storing was enchanted by the way this extraordinary treat was developing.





'Anneke, my dear,' he began. 'This is so delightful, I could kiss you!'

Such a passionate pronouncement was rare for Roger Storing. 'Then you should do so, Roger,' she smiled, tilting her cheek towards him. 'Today is *your* day, my darling – you must do whatever you wish.'

Basking in her perfume, Storing kissed the offered cheek. Then, heart drumming and hand trembling just a little, he poured the champagne. Their communion was unique, quiet yet deep, fraught with ecstatic possibilities. They sipped, legs touching, nibbled the ludicrously expensive savoury snacks, the salty tang tingling on their tongues. He loved to watch her eat, voyeuristic, noting the sensitivity of those strong, slender fingers, and how her lips caressed the caviare before engorging.

'Darling . . . ' she breathed, blue eyes wide-bright on his. 'I'm beginning to feel most terribly erotic.' A pause. 'Aren't you?'

Storing, stirring harder, shifted in his seat. He cleared his throat, then drank deeper of the nectar. The approach of a smile distorted his usually sombre countenance. 'I confess to feeling . . . a little restless in certain respects, undoubtedly, my dear.'

Anneke fixed him with those eyes, resting a hand on his thigh. 'Wouldn't you just adore it if I were to give those wicked little buttocks of hers a warming?'

Storing swallowed hard, and his face brightened even more. 'Oh, ah . . . undeniably, my sweet.'

'She *is* such a lackadaisical thing, and I'm itching to have a go at that naughty bottom as much as *you*, dear Roger, so clearly are.'

He laughed out loud – a rare sound. 'I'm sure we can find a reason,' she went on, giving him a conspiratorial smirk.

'LITA!' Anneke's voice rang out with a shrill of outrage. The girl scuttled back in and stood there, trembling.

'Yes, M-Mistress?'

'This glass!' She pointed an offended finger. 'It's dirty!'

'I-I can't see anything wrong,' said the seemingly bewildered girl, peering. Storing, joining in, stared at a speck of non-existent dust with a look of shocked dismay.

'How *dare* you answer back!' Anneke exclaimed. 'I've never heard such cheek!'

'Yes, girl!' barked Storing, warming to the theme. The girl flinched at his deeper and more ominous voice. 'Take this all away and return at once. You are to be punished for your sloppiness.'

'But, *sir* . . . ' protested the trembling maid.

'Go! Do as the Master says!' snapped Anneke. 'And come back here immediately to be dealt with.'

Wretchedly and uncertainly, Lita took the tray from the room. An almost visible excitement seemed to arc between Roger Storing and his lovely lady, galvanising both with anticipatory thrills. 'You adorable woman. Adorable!' he found himself saying.

'Indulge yourself, dear Roger,' she laughed. 'Life should not be gloom and silence. You *know* how you love to spank and spank a pretty bottom, just as *I* do –





so let us thoroughly enjoy ourselves today with this naughty little girl.'

Transported by the closest he had ever felt to joy, Storing threw inhibitions to the winds and embraced this wondrous female, kissing and nuzzling her cheek, which made her laugh the more. 'Really, sir,' she teased. 'You're perfectly uncontrollable today – what am I to do with you?'

In came the naked maid, and their high spirits were muted as a sombre silence fell.

'Position her for me please, darling,' came Anneke's terse command. A riding-switch had appeared in her hand. The girl gave a cry.

'No, ma'am!'

Storing was on his feet. 'Kneel on the stool and bend forward,' he growled, dizzy with pleasure. The girl trembled. 'Down, girl – at once!'

As Lita tremulously knelt, Storing eased her sumptuous satin-skinned body forward so that her elbows rested on the sofa and her luscious bottom was perked up invitingly. 'Mmmm, divinely placed, my dear,' purred Anneke, taking up a position immediately to the left of the bent-over girl. 'Perhaps the bottom a little higher.'

Lita arched her spine inwards to strain her buttocks higher. She was aware of what was about to happen.







Anneke had hinted at this when they made their agreement, but now – at the moment of truth – her feelings were like nothing she had ever imagined. She felt open, vulnerable, yet darkly excited. Perhaps she was picking up something of the heady fervour of the man as he lowered himself to the sofa at her side, eyes gleaming behind his rather sinister spectacles.

Anneke contemplated the succulent target so perfectly presented. Yes, this girl was another. How was she able to sense so surely this potential submissiveness in a fellow female? She always knew. The willowy Norwegian brought the whippy shaft high, then sped it down to crack thwackingly across the waiting bottom-cheeks.

'Yowp!' Lita's body convulsed at the impact.

Whop-thwack. Again the yelp and shudder as the girl reacted to the pain which erupted within her buttocks. Storing watched, enraptured, exulting in the sight of his magnificent dominatrice warming to her task. He actually shuddered each time the whippy shaft struck hard across the upthrust, rounded target.

Thwack . . . Thwack . . . Thwack . . . Himself no stranger to the music of the rod, Storing's senses were assailed by myriad images: the grunting, jerking girl as the crop thwopped home, Anneke's cool-yet-fervid delivery, his own arousing manhood, the tang of femininity, of excitement, of fear. The girl's loud cries as the switch struck her naked bottom mingled with his own sighs and exclamations of pleasure. *What a woman his Anneke was – if only she were his!*







'No more, ma'am!' pleaded the girl – then gasped louder as the crop whizzed down again to wrap itself around the lush globes of her fiercely smarting rear. *Crack!*

'Up, girl! Stand up!' With a hand beneath the girl's chin, Anneke helped Lita to her feet. 'Face the Master. Head up, feet together, legs straight. I haven't finished with you yet!'

Storing leaned back on the sofa and looked up Lita's body and into her face as she stood rigidly to attention above him. In this position her buttocks were slacker and more absorbent of punishment, so when the riding-crop, driven by Anneke's fair hand, darted slickly in, it sank into the soft protuberances with a thunky *thwack* which made the girl shudder. Storing stared at her features in fascination as the biting pain convulsed them.

Thwack . . . Thwack . . . Thwack . . . Teeth set, hands clenched into fists, Lita teetered to and fro on her high-heeled shoes as the fire-hot crop bit again and again into her fleshy buttocks, distorting and rippling their rounded fullnesses with every impact. Anneke smiled with relish whilst she whipped the girl, feeling pleasurable sensations roused in her, excited flutterings loosed in belly and breast, and a keen craving to keep on punishing Lita.

All of this Roger Storing watched, staring voyeuristically up at the girl, seeing how her nude body juddered each time the crop cracked across her bottom, fascinated by the way her pretty face twisted and her mouth opened in cries and grunts as her punishment progressed. Indeed, his state of tumescence was by now potentially embarrassing, and he hoped he would not be called upon to stand up.

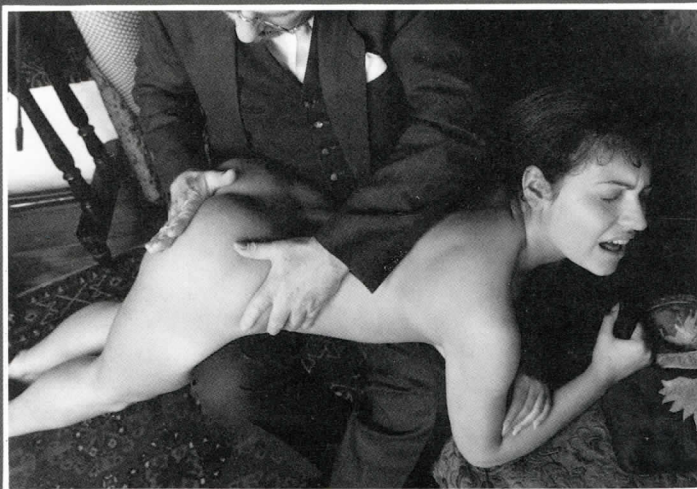
With a final *thwack* of the crop Anneke completed her part of the punishment. Lita's hands leaped to her buttocks and frantically squeezed and rubbed till the smarting abated somewhat. While Storing, almost overwhelmed by these erotic and sensuous images, removed his glasses and cleaned the lenses as if, in his all-too-evident excitement, they had steamed over.

'Now, Lita,' said Anneke, tantalisingly stroking her flanks with the tip of the crop, 'it is the Master's turn to punish you.'

'No, ma'am!'

'Quiet, girl.'

Storing put his spectacles back on, and sucked in air.







'Well, darling,' his glorious companion continued. 'What would you like to use – the cane, the strap?'

Storing licked his lips. Already aroused, he wanted to feel a warm feminine weight bearing down on his thighs. He wanted again the unique silkiness of a woman's buttocks under his palm.

'I'll spank her,' he said. 'Come forward across my knee, my girl . . .'

Anneke beamed with quiet pleasure as Lita complaisantly stepped forward and, with a tremulous sigh, sank forward over Storing's thighs and wriggled her hips provocatively into position. For him, the movement was highly erotic. He positioned her so that the pert young bottom was pushed up nice and high, ably assisted by his enthusiastic companion. When he pressed down on the small of her back, the girl arched it all the more, straining her bottom even higher.

Perfection! Anneke stood back and left the field to him. Storing patted the girl's buttocks so that they wobbled delightfully. Then he brought his hand down with a resonant smack, pancaking and pinkening the up-pushed mounds. A shriek was his reward. He hoisted the bottom up a little more, and spanked again.

'Yes, darling!' Anneke enthused.

He needed little encouragement. With palm a-tingle, Storing began to spank in earnest Lita's delightfully mischievous bottom, glorying in the explosive sounds of contact and the luscious wobbles of the steadily pinkening globes. Beneath his firm and energetic hand the girl's bottom bounced and rippled as she mewed and squirmed. She clenched her fists, drummed her toes on the floor.

Smack! Smack! Smack! It had been far too long since he had spanked a naughty girlish bottom, and Storing felt himself coming alive as he continued to chastise that prime, youthful arse with lusty smacks, his pleasure heightened by the scent and sensation of Anneke pressed up close behind him, leaning over to whisper encouragement, laughing with sheer delight.

Spank-spank-SLAP-SLAP-SMACK! Lita felt the hard male palm striking fiercely against her already extremely tender bottom-cheeks, and she yelped and wriggled, grinding her pelvis against the man's thighs. For a moment during the avid chastisement Storing found himself wondering if the girl could feel his arousal. Certainly Anneke seemed aware of his intensifying excitement, urging him on with honeyed whispers as the punished girl gulped, yelped, clutched frantically at his trouser-leg then drummed fists on the sofa and screeched as the resounding spanking went on.

The air seemed to sparkle with that champagne feeling of a very special occasion. Never would he forget the lush springiness of this girl's bottom under his hand as he smote it again and again, nor how her startled squeals mingled with Anneke's erotic murmurs, his mind lightened and brightened by the alcohol. His senses soared. Anneke's hand was gripping his shoulder, her perfumed breath was in his ear, while his own hand palpated the brazen naked bottom-cheeks of the wickedly naughty maid sprawled squirming across his lap.

Another thunderous smack and howl, and it was

done, and one thoroughly spanked 18-year-old was helped painfully to her feet to stand squeezing energetically at her smarting rumps.

Anneke's voice rang out. 'And now get out!'

With her bottom pink and seething, their compliant maid for the afternoon walked out, reflecting that this experience had been rather more than she had bargained for. Undoubtedly though, she had pleased Anneke.

But what was this? Behind her as she limped, wincing, away, the man and the arranger of this afternoon's proceedings were looking into each other's eyes in a very special way. Furthermore, his left hand was tightly clasping Anneke's own extremely attractive bottom, clad as it was in the tightest of leather micro-shorts.

As Roger Storing squeezed that most desirable of bottoms, a liberty never before allowed to him, he felt that if his heart were to have stopped right then, he would have died content. Anneke pushed her hips towards him, permitting even greater freedom to his palm and fingers to roam the tightly-rounded contours. He could not know that her own exquisite bottom had been aching for this acknowledgement of its perfections, and wanted more now that the girl had gone. Wanted – nay, *demand*ed.

There was a look in her eyes he had not seen before. 'Darling,' she breathed, 'I hope you will permit me to stay the night as well.'

Roger Storing's cup ranneth over . . . ●



THERESA

THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE

by Richard Manton

JEREMY turned a corner and saw the house. A 1960s box of cheap brick and aluminium windows, in a road of identical bunny-hutches. Each des-res was just detached from its neighbour. Each had a little concrete drive-in and lawn in front, the sort that a well-trained long-jumper would clear in a single leap.

A melancholy business, clearing out 'Aunt Em's'. Decent old trout, really, and good of her to leave him the lot. That last night in the nursing-home, she looked up from her pillow, the twinkle still in her eyes, her words indistinct. 'Be a real young fast card, Jerry,' she gasped, her final act of admiration. The others assured him of her parting thoughts. Fast card? Were they still with crinolines and steam-boat gamblers? Jeremy, his hearing more acute than theirs, heard, 'Be a real young bastard, Jerry!' Aunt Em said it with malicious encouragement. The language these old girls picked up from the day-room television! And then Aunt Em smiled, closed her eyes, and snuffed it.

Jeremy slid the Yale into the lock. A house of outmoded furniture and bric-à-brac, sentimentally appealing from school holidays spent with Aunt Em and Uncle Stan. He toured the rooms, noting the casualties of her declining years. Dripping taps pleaded for washers. Rubber insulation crumbled from bare wire. Windows were edged by contours of damp. In a casement corner, under cracked flashing, a fall of coffee-coloured powder looked appallingly like dry rot.

Five days to sort the dump out. Sorry, Aunt Em, but it really is a dump, a tip. Poor old girl. The worse he behaved, the more she had spoilt him.

He leant his elbows on the windowsill, among the dry-rot spores, staring through net curtains at uniform houses across the road. There were tall tress beyond, parkland breaking up the suburban wastes. A council estate would have been better-built. The area reeked of pensions, home-helps, low-level employment, repossession, and social dependency. And it was like living in a car park. At one end, by the main road, overnight lorries parked. Elsewhere, a car or two filled every

pavement drive-in. Surplus vehicles lined the kerb, a Maginot-line of Fords, Rovers, Fiats, Vauxhalls . . . Small wonder that young and gabby Mr Reardon, the house agent, wanted the property on the market at 'a bit of discount'. The whole neighbourhood had been discounted at birth.

Five days to clear the house. No point lingering. Nothing for fun in this place. He thought of the other night with Josie Phillips. Her cry of discovery had blended outrage with helpless wonder at his ruthlessness. 'You beast, Jerry! Look what you've done to me!' He smiled at the memory. Thank you, farewell, and adieu, Ms Phillips. More careful next time, sweetie-pie.

Aunt Em and Uncle Stan's retirement shack was not at the hub of high society. The couple opposite, for instance. Cleaning the car in their regulation fifteen-foot concrete drive-in. Two cars in fact. And the chap then walking out to the road and opening another hulk that was obviously a resprayed insurance write-off. Three cars in that cosy little slum. No, four. He was opening the boot of the next clapped out hundred-thousand-miler and taking out the spare wheel. How could two people drive four cars?

'Got the foot-pump, T'resa?' the man yelled, drowning Radio 1 on a car stereo.

Jeremy scanned the house-front for Theresa. Golly! How had he missed that lot? It was a while since he had seen a figure quite as splendid. Taller than the man, she appeared to advantage in a tight red blouse and shorts that looked like swimwear or white elasticated briefs to be worn under a skirt. Stretch-briefs and blouse met, tightly-belted, at the waist.

Theresa could be 30, more or less. Jeremy bet himself that she had been a professional dancer when she was 20 or 25. A showgirl figure like that, she had to be. He lifted the net curtain an inch, his chin on the window ledge and peered through the chink. Uncle Stan's field-glasses that used to hang on the hall-stand! Barr and Stroud 20 x 20, purloined by Petty Officer Stan from the Admiralty on 'demob' in 1946. He went downstairs two at a time. There they were in their scuffed brown

case. Upstairs, two at a time. Curtain up again. The weight of twin black metal tubes resting on the sill. Turning the focus of the eye-pieces. Let's have a good look at you, Theresa. She was facing the man, saying something, showing fine but rather narrowed hazel eyes, narrowed perhaps against strong summer light. Her cheekbones were quite broad. There was a firm but neat and pretty line to her nose and chin. This portrait was set off by a stylish tumble of fair ringlets to her shoulders. An appointment at the hairdresser every week or two, he guessed.

Now she turned away, shammy in hand, to wash down the back of the Mini in the little drive-in. Tall and long-waisted, a lithe and beautiful mover. Long and graceful bare legs, her hips and her legs showing a firm lightly-muscled maturity. An active young woman, not a couch-potato.

A slight movement of the glasses caressed the taut white web of elasticated briefs as she bent, lingering on the bottom-cheeks of a firm-figured woman at 30. Regular sex and perhaps the necessary exercise of child-bearing had given Theresa's body a seductively worldly-wise look, her bottom showing a proud self-assured swell, a spartan erotic maturity. Something suggested that the young tart had married early enough to have a daughter in her teens.

Jeremy's eyes caressed Theresa's long, lightly suntanned thighs, as they branched upwards and outwards a little from her knees. They were not fat or even plump but well-fleshed and well-exercised. The tight elasticated cotton of her white stretch-briefs left her legs completely bare. As she polished, her head turned in profile, the fair ringlets tumbling. He studied her face through the glasses, the stylish curls whispering aside.

To polish the roof of the Mini, Theresa shook back her coiffure and lifted one gracefully agile calf, resting her foot on the rear bumper, stretching forward over the car roof. The white cotton of her knickers was splittingly tight above her bare thighs, cut too high to cover the handsome well-fleshed cheeks of her backside



*He spent a pleasant
half-hour which ended
with Theresa pushing at
the back of the Mini,
towards the car port, the
man shouldering the
driver's door and steering.
A glorious two minutes
through the lenses, long
showgirl legs bare, tensed
and straining*

completely. As she worked with the cloth in a slow flesh-creasing rounding of her bottom-cheeks, the elastic hem of her briefs was drawn higher, exposing the pale lower curve of her arse.

Jeremy edged the net curtain higher, training the lenses more closely as the young woman bent forward. Her hips swelled. Theresa's tightly-knickered bottom-cheeks and parted thighs strained and surged. She worked with a sinuous curving of her tall, trim, long-waisted figure. Once, self-consciously, she reached back, pulling the knickers into place over her rear cheeks.

The proud self-assured swell of Theresa's bottom-cheeks arched towards the near side of the road. Several houses down, builders' men stopped for tea by their van. Grins and glances. New erections there all right. Theresa's firm willowy thighs and handsome backside would cause a sleepless night or two.

He studied her as she polished, one foot on the bumper. Theresa's arse was spread and thighs tensed apart in the humid cotton of her briefs. She paused. He lifted the glasses to her head and shoulders. She had frozen in her posture but her face was turned. She was looking back towards him. Jeremy kept still. The young woman called the man to her. They conferred together. Theresa put her foot down from the car's bumper and turned, facing Jeremy.

They were standing side by side now, looking up at his window. Damn it! He had just begun to enjoy himself. Could they really see the lenses poking under the curtain? They moved behind the Mini and looked over the top at him. Theresa said something to her man and nodded towards the window where Jeremy crouched. The man went indoors. He came out carrying what

looked like a mobile phone. Staring across the road, he tapped in a number and spoke to someone briefly. Who? A couple of heavies among his unwashed friends? The police? With a sense of apprehension and regret, Jeremy let the net curtain subside very gently. Really, officer? Binoculars, you say? Surely not! A couple of glass ornaments that my aunt had. Two little pear-shaped globes of smoked glass to hold a couple of flowers each. On her bedroom window ledge. Not unlike binocular lenses at a distance, I suppose. Gone to the Oxfam shop, I'm afraid. Oh, really? How very amusing! They thought that? Well, these things happen, don't they. Not a bit, officer. Always pleased to help.

Who was he kidding? Unrepentantly, Jeremy longed to stand over Theresa as she worked, a genial slave-driver, hands shaping her thighs and rear cheeks, guiding her, bottom-smacking her... Reluctantly, he left the binoculars and thought wistfully of one or two of the lessons he would like to teach Theresa with her tall dancer's figure. For the moment, he returned to business.

Mr Bradshaw, from the valuation department, arrived next morning before Theresa in her shorts had appeared to brighten it. Jeremy opened the door. Bradshaw's dark hair was neat as if set by a blancmange mould. His dark grey suit required only a matching cap to qualify him as a hearse driver. To Jeremy, he represented fiscal confiscation of Aunt Em's legacy.

'Not bad,' the valuer sniffed appreciatively, touring the house and making notes. 'Fair nick, I'd say. Top end of the range.'

'You know dry rot when you see it?' asked Jeremy pleasantly. 'While you're about it, go up into the loft and have a look at the rafters. Batten nails rusted far enough to let the roof slide into the back garden any minute.'

Mr Bradshaw shrugged. Not the type to climb ladders and crawl round lofts in his funeral suit. He had had a go, done his best for the Revenue, and flopped.

'Come out here,' said Jeremy sharply, and Mr Bradshaw came. They crossed the lawn and the pavement. Jeremy snatched at his alibi for the binoculars. Concerned citizen monitors destruction of neighbourhood quality-of-life by thoughtless car-crazed yobbo and his missus. 'Look at these bloody cars.'

'What cars?'

'That lot! Every driveway! Blocking every inch of pavement. Days you can't think in this house for the row from these D-I-Y motor mechanics. Not to mention motor-bikes. You reckon amenities here are top of the range? And look at the state of the paintwork on that slum opposite. Top of the range?'

'Complain to them, then.'

'You complain to them,' Jeremy said. 'Take your turn for a fat lip.'

Mr Bradshaw in his undertaker's suit looked carefully at each car opposite and scanned the facing house-front. A curtain moved and a door opened cautiously. Theresa came out with a waste bag, glanced at them and bent over to open the dustbin. Mr Bradshaw's head went forward like a game-cock, eyes fiercely keen on the cleft where the tightly-knickered Amazon cheeks of Theresa's bottom curved into her crack. His nostrils twitched, as if scenting a dry-rot spore or a rusted batten-nail concealed in the intimate declivity.

'Sought after area,' he said, watching the self-confidently rounding cheek-movements of Theresa's backside in brief-cut knickers as she went indoors.

Jeremy saw him off. Bradshaw revved up his loony-tune limo and drew slowly away. Jeremy closed the door to an inch gap. He was able to see Theresa's partner, walking to the nearest banger, leaping in, squealing from the kerb and racing for the road junction as if besotted by Mr Bradshaw's exhaust pipe.

* * *

If he was ever so careful, there was no way they would see the double-barrel of the glasses. Surely? In any case it wasn't a crime to look at something happening outside your own front door. Civil liberties and so forth. He spent a pleasant half-hour which ended with Theresa pushing at the back of the Mini, towards the car port, the man shouldering the driver's door and steering. A glorious two minutes through the lenses, long showgirl legs bare, tensed and straining. How many men would love to feel those wrapped round them, bare and urgent? Theresa's firm swelling bottom-cheeks flexing and clenching, as if trying to roll a golf ball between them. On a sultry day like this, those knickers must be clinging wet to her agile arse-cheeks with all the exertion.

They finished, turned and once

again stood looking at his window. But how could they see he was there? He moved back and, as if for the first time, saw the long oval of the dressing-table mirror. Reflecting light back through the net curtains. Reflecting to the outside world the image of anyone who happened to be standing in its view. In other words, they had been able to see him all the time, perhaps. Not in detail, just him there watching through binoculars. He went thoughtfully downstairs.

Twilight thickened. Street lamps flickered on. A white car cruised up the road, long red and yellow flashes down the sides, a blue lamp on top. It slowed outside the house, turned a corner and stopped. Like a stunned fish, Jeremy's heart flipped and sank. The driver was walking back, bareheaded, the unmistakable cut and buttoning of his uniform showing where his civilian mac hung open. Jeremy shrank as steps paced the path and the doorbell trilled.

Weaving implausible stories, rehearsing his civil rights, he opened the door. The policeman grinned, reached out, took his hand and shook it.

'Charlie Sharples,' he said cheerily. 'Sorry to hear about poor old Em. Friend of Stan's, I was. Angling club. You got an electric blanket I lent Em last winter? Glad to have it, if it's not wanted. If I'm not interrupting.'

'Come in! Do come in!' Delight and relief soared bird-like through Jeremy's apprehension. They found the blanket.

'That's a good old pair of binocs,' Charlie said as they stood by the stripped bed. 'Not getting rid of those, I suppose.'

'Probably,' Jeremy said. 'Interested?'

Charlie picked them up, drew the net curtain wide and stood in the window, trying them on the view. Jeremy could swear Theresa's bedroom curtain moved.

'Take them.'

'Sure? You really sure?'

'You were good to Uncle and

Aunt.'

'Well, thanks.' Charlie tried the glasses on the view again. 'Souvenir of Em and Stan. Lovely old couple. The best.'

In the doorway, Charlie tried them once more on the opposite view, thanked Jeremy, and walked back to his car with a wave of gratitude.

He stood in the downstairs window, a little faint from the reaction. Half an hour passed. Pity about the glasses. Hello! The chap opposite. Coming out, opening the boot of an old banger, throwing things in. Turning to Jeremy's window. Shouting something. 'Fast card', perhaps? Driving off! Theresa alone in the house. Lights on behind curtains. Presently Jeremy went upstairs to the ledge where the binoculars had been. As he gazed across he saw a curtain move. She had been looking at him as he looked towards her. Bloody hell! There she was in that blouse and knickers outfit, coming across. The bloke probably gone to fetch his heavies... The door bell rang and they exchanged their first words in Aunt Em's hall.

'Don't think we can't see you. Why are you doing it? What have we ever done to you?'

'I think there must be some...'

'They aren't stolen, you know, the cars. Every one legit.'

'I never said...'

'You were planted here by that little sneak this afternoon. We followed him. We got the building now. Tax inspectors, VAT, giro snoopers. Now the police! Spy on people trying to make ends meet on UB40! Oh, we know you!'

He was safe! Oh, joy! He need only be the upright and implacable taxpayer – and the battle was won.

'Laws,' he said sternly, 'are made to be obeyed.'

'I wonder,' she said, 'just how long that'd last if I offered you something you couldn't refuse. You enjoyed those binoculars. Every time I bent over, my partner reckoned...'

'Crime is followed by punishment, not pleasure,' he said with a frown.

'Oh,' she said. 'That's it, is it? Fancied tanning me when I bent over. That what you want, is it?'

'Absurd!'

'All right. I'm free now and on Saturday. As long as he's still away. Let's see you have a go at tanning me. Supposing you've got the nerve. And then you see what happens to you if you try to make a case as well.'

'I'm not saying that chastisement

has no place in...'

'I bet you're not.' Theresa picked up an eighteen-inch plastic ruler from the hall table. 'You tan me with this and then cry off. Right? You like the idea, don't you? Least the front of your trousers does. Chastisement! Don't make me laugh! You're a kink. All right, do it. Then tell your fairy friends what you like. But you and them fuck off. See? Else you're in trouble, not me.'

Jeremy said nothing. He went into the unfurnished sitting-room, closed the curtains with a swish and pointed to the centre of the floor.

'Bending,' he said and took the ruler from her. 'The pants first.'

'The pants stay on.' Theresa shook her tumble of fair curls into place. The narrowed hazel eyes, broad cheekbones and pretty features were resolute.

'The legs, then,' he said philosophically, 'since they're bare.'

Theresa bent over, the first doubt in her eyes. He curved his left arm over the waist of this tall mature young woman to steady her, looking down at the willowy length of her firm sun-browned thighs and rather girlish bare calves.

She flinched as he flicked his fingers roughly across the backs of her thighs, rippling the satiny flesh which was both firm and well-exercised yet softly warm. He shaped the long dancer's curve of her legs down from the hips to the knees. A short hand-smack to the back of the thighs. Another. The tumble of ringlets moved as she half-turned her face. *Smack!* His view of her profile showed how she winced and bit her lip as she waited for him to do it again.

Jeremy drew back, studied the beauty of the young woman bending, then slapped hard across the backs of her upper thighs with his open palm. She clenched her behind and jerked up a little.

'Bend over!' he said abruptly. 'Properly!'

He brought the palm of his hand down hard enough across the backs of her legs for the smack to ring loud on the walls of the emptied room. Theresa cried out at once in pain and protest. Without another word he slapped the backs of her legs again really hard. She cried out and tried to twist from his arm over her waist but he held her firmly and reached for the plastic ruler, waiting then until he felt her slowly relax.

He brought the supple transparent ruler down sharply on the lower and

He brought the supple transparent ruler down sharply on the lower and slimmer gracefulness just above the backs of her knees. It stung her enough to make her twist her legs, jamming one knee into the back of the other



HARDCASTLE

slimmer gracefulness just above the backs of her knees. It stung her enough to make her twist her legs, jamming one knee into the back of the other to contain the smart. Again he saw her bite her lip. Settling into his rhythm, he chopped the ruler down smacking hard aslant each thigh in turn, downward swathes of ruler-red from bottom-cheeks to hollows of her knees. Blushing paths showed where the ruler had measured its length. But what made her yell, as her words confirmed, was the little hole for hanging the ruler up, which dotted the backs of Theresa's legs with intense discipline. And then he saw that the lettering on the rule was actually embossed in black on the underside which was tanning her. As the glow intensified, the words 'Shatter Resistant' blushed neatly and repeatedly across the backs of her dancer's streamlined legs.

Six sharp impacts on the smooth and fullest thigh swell just below her arse, catching the flesh crease which divided Theresa's bottom-cheeks from her thighs. A fine rosy harvest blooming. The seventh he brought down very hard, catching the crease between her right buttock and thigh with great accuracy and making her hit the top of her vocal range. He smacked the ruler very firmly across the middle of her right thigh. She wobbled and wriggled, bending with his arm over her waist, protesting but managing to cut short the yell. He tanned her hard again, this time catching both legs and bringing a long stripe to her upper thigh-backs. Then two clips across her calves, severe enough to make her high-step, each knee touching her belly in turn.

He stung her right leg high up and then the left leg almost at once. She moaned and bit her lip. Then she yelled at the smart of the ruler low down, just above the backs of her knees. *Whack!* High this time, more than she could take, her knees bent almost dragging them both to the floor.

'Stop!'

He stopped. No sense waking the entire neighbourhood.

'If we stop now, we shall continue later.'

'Just stop! I don't care! Just stop!'

He let her stand up, Theresa trying to walk tall and clutch the backs of her legs at the same time. She writhed to the hall and stood with her back to Aunt Em's long mirror, staring distraught at the rear of her showgirl thighs.

'Oh, shit!' she wailed. 'If he comes

back, he'll see . . . Look what you've done!'

'Extraordinary thing,' Jeremy said casually. 'Someone else was saying that to me only last week.'

But Theresa was not listening. Her eyes widened in disbelief.

'What's that?'

'It says "Shatter Resistant",' he said helpfully. 'Nothing to be ashamed of. Shows you've been tanned by a ruler of quality. You wouldn't care to finish?'

'No!'

'Saturday then.'

'Don't count on it!'

'Oh but I do,' he said wistfully, 'I really do.'

Next day he saw that she was working alone on the Escort, polishing the blue coachwork and determinedly never looking across the road. Hubby or whoever he was had done a bunk at the sight of Charlie Sharples in uniform. Taking her punishment was apparently Theresa's own idea of how to avoid the sentence that a giro or tax inquiry might bring. She wore a long cotton skirt today, right down to her ankles. Not proud of being shatter resistant after all. Jeremy sighed. There was her backside too. He liked what he saw of Theresa's bottom. Firm, full cheeks. Statuesque even. Shame about Saturday. It seemed she felt the penalty had now been paid.

Mr Bradshaw returned that afternoon.

'It's not going below fifty thousand,' he said firmly.

'Forty-seven, the agent says.'

'You need to get rid of your agent,' Mr Bradshaw chuckled.

'Not half as badly as you need to get rid of that suit,' Jeremy said. Mr Bradshaw left, pausing to gaze at the house and cars opposite. Two minutes later the phone rang.

'You bastard!' Theresa said. 'You told them! After you made promises to me.'

'Told them nothing so far,' Jeremy answered. 'You could have seen the last of men with binoculars. You choose. We'll talk about it on Saturday night.'

There was silence for a moment.

'About ten,' she said ungraciously, 'I shan't finish before.'

* * *

'Saturday night is the loneliest night of the week!' sang the crooner on the teatime Golden Oldie Show. May be lonely for you, Sunshine. At 10.34 that evening the

bell rang, or rather squeaked from the brevity of her pressure. Theresa wore her long skirt. Under it he had commanded on the phone that morning skin-tight translucent panties, the price of remaining covered. To see the long skirt come down, stepped out of, folded on a chair, would be a tonic.

He guided Theresa's tall long-waisted figure to the sofa, her legs and hips moving with well-controlled maturity, her lightly muscled and suntanned body against him with its suggestion of a physically active young woman. He glanced at the fine, rather narrowed hazel eyes, cheekbones quite broad and the firm neat line to her nose and chin, the stylish tumble of fair curls to her shoulders. He made her kneel on the sofa and then lie forward over its arm, supporting herself by her palms on the floor. The skin-tight pearl grey translucence of her knickers encased the strong swell of her backside and hips in its gloss, the cleavage between her rear cheeks mistily suggestive. He ran his hand over the full and firm swell of Theresa's bottom-cheeks, feeling her body warmth through the nylon gloss.

'Just wait like that,' he said.

In the kitchen, he looked among the detergents for what he wanted. A sponge for Theresa. Lux, Vim, Persil . . . There it was! He soaked it under the tap and returned to the front room. She tried to look up and back at him.

'What's that?'

'A sponge,' he said. 'I need those panties wet-tight on your behind. And that way you'll feel it more.'

Not easy to push herself up from palms-on-the-floor. As she gasped and reared, he sponged over the cheeks of her glossy pearly-grey panty-seat until the trickles ran down her bare thighs. Suggestive wet-look nylon, tight and clinging translucently to the broadened curves of Theresa's bottom-cheeks. He stood over her, hand on the back of her waist. A plimsoll used in the garden lay to hand. The heel was only a little muddy. He touched it lightly to the nearer cheek of the young woman's backside, teasing, warning. Then the tanning. *Whack!* . . . *Thwack!* . . . *Whup!* . . .

He made sure she really felt them, Theresa emitting a sharp puppy-like yelp at the third. He tanned the nearer cheek of her bottom first. *Whap!* . . . *Thwack!* . . . *Whack!* . . .

'Keep your arse properly still for it, T'resa! Or do they call you "Trace" or

*Free of the nylon,
Theresa's bare bottom-
cheeks jumped and
quivered under the
rhythmic impacts of the
rubber heel. Jeremy tanned
her unsmilingly and hard*

"Tracey" or "Terry"?"

Her piercing protest was no answer to his question.

Whop! . . . Whack! . . . Smack! . . . Intrigued, he saw that the garden-plimsoll heel had printed its rubber ribbing muddily on the wet seat-cheeks of Theresa's translucent panties. He paused to draw the thin panty-hem up over each cheek, gathering the nylon twist in her intimate rear-cheek cleavage. The proud swell of each buttock was bare now, resilient maturity a little fuller when freed from the constraining nylon. The backside of a trim-figured woman in her early thirties perhaps. His hand mapped one bare curve of Theresa's posterior, appreciating the sleek smoothness of it.

'You don't want your knickers spoilt, do you?' he answered to her dismay.

He stroked her smooth bottom-cheeks gently and felt her relax a little. He ran his hands up her flanks, down her willowy legs and up again over her long-waisted midriff. Her head turned in profile, fair ringlets disordered.

Free of the nylon, Theresa's bare bottom-cheeks jumped and quivered under the rhythmic impacts of the rubber heel. Jeremy tanned her unsmilingly and hard. He paused for breath. His watch beeped eleven. He touched the heel to the rather fatly swelling and flesh-creasing cheek of Theresa's bottom, warning her to be ready, touching, teasing, coaxing the swell of panic in her belly until waiting was almost worse for her than getting it . . .

Whack! . . . Smack! . . . Thwack! . . . Whap! . . . Whack! . . . Whup! . . . Whap! . . . And then the other cheek . . . At last he straightened up, ordering her to stand in the corner, facing the wall, and wait. Theresa obeyed, moving slowly, catching her breath at each step. Her lips were parted, as if after exertion, and she blinked moisture from her eyes. Jeremy watched her stand in the corner. He studied the sleek double swell of Theresa's bottom, her

knickers still twisted in her rear crack. Each bottom-cheek showed a deep blush and the corrugated rubber heel of the plimsoll was muddily printed and reprinted on the swelling glow.

He kept her facing the corner for an hour. Theresa lowered her face and the tumble of light ringlets cascaded in disorder. He saw the tension of anticipation in the bare length of her thighs. She pressed them together and her head was bowed a little more. The firmly swelling cheeks of Theresa's bottom tightened once or twice, as if in sudden fright at the thought of worse to come. She half looked round, and he just caught the narrowed hazel eyes and pert profile, the wide-boned cheeks. He let her see a length of sash-cord dangling in a loop from his hand. Her cheeks contracted in crawling panic, so that Theresa's bottom-crack was pressed to a thin tight line. Jeremy stood up.

'Bend over to touch your toes!'

She looked round uneasily.

'At once!'

Cautiously and reluctantly, Theresa stooped, one hand on her knees. Her head was turned so that he could see her eyes slanting an uneasy look at him. As she stooped, she held her other hand over her bottom, its cheeks bare as the nylon remained twisted in her crack.

'Take your hand away from your arse, Theresa! Bend right over. At once.'

She lowered her head and obeyed him, bending until her extended fingers touched her toes and the fall of her collar-length ringlets hid her face. The strain of the posture showed in the tight lines of her thighs. Old sash-cord held in a loop was ideal. The cheeks of Theresa's buttocks swelled suggestively fuller and broader.

The cord tanned her squirming and twisting bottom-cheeks with a hushed *Swit! . . . Swit! . . . Swit! . . .* He whipped Theresa's backside until the sash left a light pattern of curling spank-prints on each dancing-girl bottom-cheek. *Swit! . . . Whip! . . . Whip! . . . Swit! . . .* The crack of the cord curling and clinging agonisingly around both bare cheeks excited his passion. Theresa's bottom, broadened and surging, was cheek-creasing and writhing as if in a deliberate attempt to seduce him! Her bottom-cheeks were beautifully patterned and arabesqued by punishment. And there was more.

Swit! . . . Swit! . . . Swit! . . . Tanning

her now, Jeremy murmured the admiration he had felt while watching her Amazon-girl backside through binoculars as she bent and stretched in her tight cotton briefs to polish the Mini. It was as if his feelings were coming full circle. Much later, as she gave another and more urgent muffled cry, he put down the cord.

Without rebellion, she allowed him to raise her and was led mournfully to the sofa to lie face-down. Quite unable to keep still just yet, of course. Jeremy studied the swelling, writhing and cheek-creasing of Theresa's backside, patterned by the loop. There was only one remedy for a young woman with such a smarting bottom. Theresa was in just the state to be taught a lesson or two.

He left on Monday. The cars stood idle, not a curtain twitched. No sign of hubby. Theresa was still keeping herself to herself. On the bus, he felt in his pocket for change and to his surprise touched a folded handful of nylon gloss. Then he recalled that she had preferred not to put them on under her long skirt in her disciplined state and he had forgotten them. Their place among his souvenirs was assured.

Two weeks later his phone rang. It was Reardon from the house agent's.

'Good news. Had an offer. Forty-seven exactly. Just what I predicted. No dry-rot, apparently, and the batten-nails are fine. Saves you five grand on repairs, knowing that. No survey. Client seems to know what he's talking about.'

'Well, if that's the best you can do, I suppose I'd better take it.'

'Should if I were you. Purchaser has a firm mortgage offer. Name of Bradshaw. Moving to a new post. Bit hush-hush, I think. Keen photographer. Not short of cash. Seems to have enough money to ride at weekends, anyway. Hunting crops and dog-whips in his hall-stand. Keep the neighbourhood in order, eh? Ha-ha! Quite taken with the house. And very much likes the outlook - no accounting for taste. Spent an afternoon at the upstairs window taking notes and a few photographs before he finally made his offer.'

Jeremy felt a strange sense of contentment.

'Tell him it's a deal,' he said. 'I'd like the old place to go to someone who can exploit the possibilities of the view.' ●

*Richard Manton's novels are
reviewed on page 26.*



Richard Manton is one of the most prolific and longest-established contributors to *Janus*. His inimitable fiction has the erotic power and literary virtuosity to project corrective obsessions which the reader can hardly help making his own. Yet few of his admirers know that Mr Manton has expanded many of his *Janus* stories into novels

MANTON ON THE BEAT

by Todd Mallanson

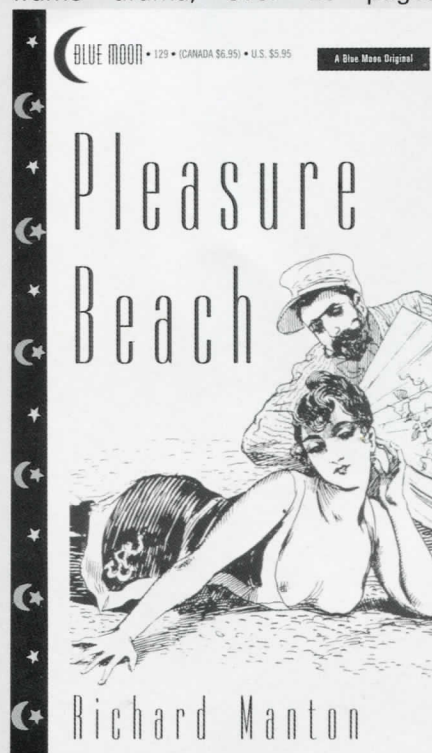
ONE SUMMER afternoon in 1974, Richard Manton and the then *Janus* Editor, the late A G Van Okker, sat in the Editor's office above Tottenham Street, trading ideas. *Janus* is one of few magazines where editors, 'Van' then and the present incumbent for twelve years past, collaborate creatively with authors. Its reward is to be a showcase and springboard for innovative writing, which now has a firm niche in the avant-garde erotic novel of New York publishing.

That afternoon, Messrs Manton and Van Okker devised the character of Elaine Cox, 'a shouting, striding rebel' – every inch a modern girl – whose tomboy insolence was to undergo discipline from James Miles in *Beauty And The Birch* (*Janus* Vol.6 No.3). A modern girl trapped in the fierce rituals of Victorian correction proved to be literary dynamite. Then, Richard Manton's novels were taken up by Grove Press, publishers of Samuel Beckett, Jean Genet and Henry Miller. When the Grove Press list moved to Blue Moon Books in 1987, Mr Manton went with it.

Miss Cox's ordeals grew to novel-length. *Elaine Cox* (1989) is a classic of its kind. Chapter-headings like *A Tomboy in Tight Trousers*, or *Elaine Cox's Punishment-Lesson*, or *Elaine Cox Bottom-Upwards* vividly suggest what kind that is. The magazine story is a rich distillation of the girl's character and predicament. The novel is stronger and penetrating in style, a man's long-felt obsession with Elaine as her training begins. Before her first obedience lesson, he spends all afternoon – nine lingering pages –

'Her mentors are intrigued by a promiscuous and wilful young woman in her late twenties, through with marriage and kids, determined to do her own thing with other women as well as men. They decide to make her do *their* thing, not her own'

closely inspecting 'the seat of the problem', while Elaine bends reluctantly to his command. Her caning in a gaslit hall is frame-by-frame drama, over 20 pages,

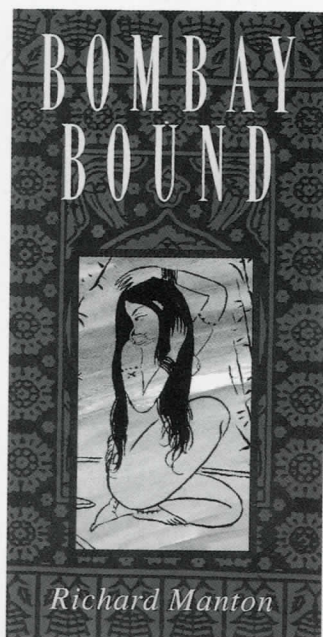


tension mounting every line. Elaine's insolent refusal to call the number of each stroke before getting it sends one's blood pressure stratospheric. 'She knew what she was inviting by her rebellion . . . They would cane her . . . Sooner or later she would call for the first . . . Only then would the official counting begin . . .'

Like all her lessons in sex or discipline, this is mind-blowing in intensity.

From Mr Manton's *Janus* stories of 'moral leadership' courses (*Janus* 17, 18) in a South Coast resort comes *Pleasure Beach* (1993), where Mr Root and Miss Crutch put girls through smarting paces. In this idyll, the summer sun always shines. When not measuring whips across nubile backsides, the two moralists huddle up as local censors of films and literature, clipping out whatever may 'compromise the purity of our noble town'. Inspired by this, they begin moral instruction. Statuesque olive-tan Italian student Valeria tastes cold Anglo-Saxon discipline, as does Scandinavian nymph Marit Aas and her Amazonian compatriot Grete Bryna. But moralists are human. Don't be too hard on Mr Root if he fails to keep himself in hand during stern sessions with Marit, Grete, Valeria . . . Could you?

Star turn is an Austrian tart, Elke Mähne, a 'bell-shape of light brown hair, heart shaped face, rounded cheekbones'. Elke on a high, snogging with boys on the beach, is seen, a boy in her arms lying over her, 'pulling up the hem of her sweater at the rear, studying the soft ripe swell of Elke Mähne's bottom-cheeks in the denim of skin-tight jeans'. She stands bare-reared



before Mr Root, 'a deep blush on the cheeks of Elke Mähne's arse, the muddled heel of a plimsoll printed a dozen times'. And Mr Root has not begun yet. More tanning, Elke Mähne's bottom 'swelling or flesh-creasing' under chastisement, 'fatly swelling and sleekly glowing'. And the moralist is still not in his stride.

Mr Manton's salute to Victorian England is a two-volume romp, *Bombay Bound* (1989) and *Tropic of Venus* (1990), with Captain Charles DeVane, rotter and cad. *Bombay Bound* has DeVane as Viceroy's emissary, confronting a troublesome Rajah among white and Asian harem lovelies. Willow Tracey Hope, half-swooning with ecstasy, long blonde hair swirling, rides the Rajah's wickedly crafted rocking-horse, bare-thighed and bare-bottomed. A helpful servant keeps time with a strap. If Tracey whimpers even for leather, the secret lies in 'Devil's Dust'. This stimulating substance is thoughtfully sprinkled by the Rajah over surfaces his girls and female guests may sit upon. Night-long, the women's quarters of the British column stir to sighs and murmurs, smacks and pleading.

Tropic of Venus is DeVane's adventure in the South African War and something of a try-out for all Mr Manton's characters. But warm-blooded Arabess Nabyla Justo, who never comes off until her tawny bottom-cheeks are sorely pinch-patterned, keeps the captain up to the mark. However, the

whipping of young women who betrayed the secrets of one army to the other is described with stark realism and reads like the true horror of war very lightly fictionalised.

If Richard Manton's fiction has a cult following, it attaches to a novel issued by Grove Press as *The Days at Florville* (1983), reissued by Blue Moon Books as *Lesley* (1990). *Lesley* – again from the *Janus* stories (*Janus* 13) – is a mature young woman, educated and emancipated. She endures a strange dreamlike world at Florville, in the Atlantic brilliance of Biarritz or St-Jean-de-Luz.

Her mentors are intrigued by a promiscuous and wilful young woman in her late twenties,

'In a remote chateau, the defiance by which she repels admiration is curbed. The preliminary inspection is even more lingering and sensual than Elaine Cox's. An entire chapter is devoted to Noreen's bare bottom while whips are tested'

through with marriage and kids, determined to do her own thing with other women as well as men. They decide to make her do *their* thing, not her own. There is an erotic feminism in her boy-cut fair hair, the 'self-possessed moodiness of her fair-skinned features'. Her fate is revealed when a solitary lad finds a stack of unburnt photographs and an audio tape in the grate of an abandoned villa. Gothic mystery enhances Lesley's ordeal. Is she prisoner of nightmare, fantasy, or reality? The images are sensually intimate, startling, darkly poetic in the wildness of facial portraits or impersonal studies of bare backside and bamboo. The lad's excitement at photographs and tape magnifies the reader's. Lesley has scribbled a secret note, making it possible that the lad could alert her rescuers. To remove this temptation, he lights a match and watches her last hope of escape crumble into ash. By then, it is what the reader wants for her, the final defeat of her self-possession.

Mr Manton followed this poetic journey to submission with more romances of sado-erotic travel. *Villa Rosa* (1989) moves through western France to a remote house



on the Côte Sauvage, depicting the training of a Spanish student, Margarita, by her implacable lesbian mistress. As usual, motifs from the other Manton novels weave through the plot. Two working-class shop-girls provide the service: Sian, a lascivious redhead and Helyn, a shy brunette, donated by Mr Hardman, hero of other tales. The frequent tanning of Sian and Helyn owes nothing to the sun. The action ends in a private photo-gallery devoted to prints of Lesley Hollingsworth's bare-bottomed romance with bamboo.

The Blue Train (1993) is Mr Manton's latest: girls in perfumed luxury on sexual mystery-tours. Helen Wong, a slimly alluring Eurasian encountered in *Janus* 96, and Jayne Webb, a petite blonde model, yield to lesbian seduction and male discipline in the sensuous confines of first-class travel. Ragnhild, a blonde Scandinavian, is surprised when at an awkward moment. Annica Jarnryd, her compatriot is destined for Arabia. A comment on sexual politics: the men inform Ragnhild and Annica, as bamboo is flexed and lashes trailed through fingers, that Scandinavian girls are taught absurd feminine self-importance which can only be cured by rigorous training. CP rather than PC is the high-octane fuel of Mr Manton's writing.

The novels come full-circle with *Noreen* (1991). *Noreen*, 'a strapping







VALENCIA'S OBSESSION

PART 2

Back in her native land Valencia had an obsession. Her tutor at college was handsome, stern and very strict, and Valencia often fantasised about being punished by him – *properly*. This involved having to go to his office, Room 305, after being ordered to remove her knickers in preparation for discipline.

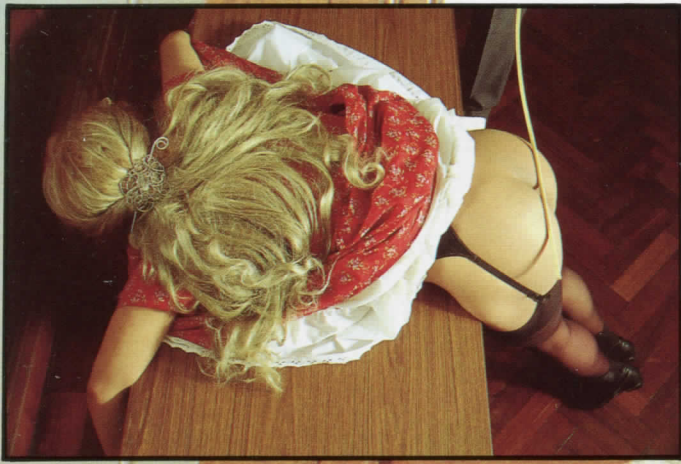
Fantasies are rarely realised and Valencia transplanted to Britain unfulfilled. We decided to recreate her fantasy and ask her to act it out. She agreed willingly and enthusiastically.

Valencia went to Room 305 and carried out the written instructions she found waiting for her on the table. With bared bottom, Valencia was made to wait... and wait. Throughout all this she was observed, unseen, by the 'tutor'. Eventually when he considered that the time was ripe, the 'tutor' entered the room.

He reached for his cane. ●



















young trollop' of nineteen is another protégée. She made her first appearance in *Janus* 59. The narrator reveals an obsessive passion for 'the firm resolute line of her fair-skinned features, the lank dark collar-length hair framing the challenge of her brown eyes'. A sight of the young window-dresser at work on all fours, 'jeans tight on her strong young thighs and the sturdy swell of Noreen's backside' holds him entranced. In a remote chateau, the defiance by which she repels admiration is curbed. The preliminary inspection is even more lingering and sensual than Elaine Cox's. An entire chapter is devoted to Noreen's bare bottom while whips are tested. The reader gets to know the rear aspect of this sturdily defiant girl almost as intimately as her chastiser. The sequels in each chapter of Noreen's career are strict to the limit. The novel's power is in its obsessive passion for one rebellious girl. By her resentment, Noreen stirs similar thoughts in the reader, who would not save her from one moment of her ordeal, even if he could. Noreen, like Elaine Cox, makes us long to change places with the narrator.

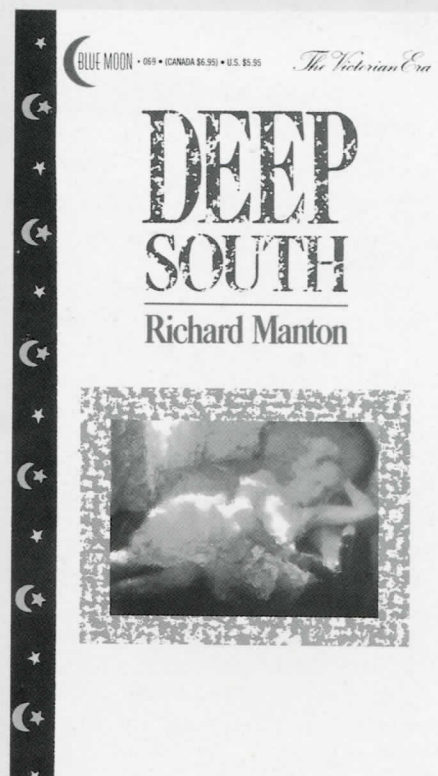
Mr Manton has also edited three anthologies. *A Victorian Sampler* (1993) has gems from *A Man With A Maid*, *Eveline*, and *Suburban Souls*. *La Via Parisienne* (1994) opens shuttered windows of the Belle Époque on lesbian 'amourettes' and whip-wielding jealousy of circus girls in *Cirque Érotique*.

In *Deep South* (1993), a compilation of 'plantation' reading, 'jungle-tan beauty' Monnelia seduces an English soubrette, Louise Neville, with blue saucer-eyes and a short sleek crop of dark hair. The girls are punished for making naked love among banquettable litter, as their master dozes. The 'impudent puppy-fleshed pallor' of Louise Neville's bottom is thrashed by a groom. For tall and elegant negress Monnelia with her 'ribboned tresses of dark hair' there is her master's trading-partner, Colonel Prince. In white panties, bodice and high-heels, Monnelia parades 'the calm beauty of her tribal maiden's face, lithe easy movements of legs and hips'. The black girl's white silk panties are

'If the narrative guides us to study the "firm pale cheeks of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom" with or without the cane across them, the reader may still be studying them in half an hour's time, getting to know them with an intimacy that is rare in erotic fiction'

'cut high and brief at the seat . . . They left bare the lower and softer swell of Monnelia's African-tan bottom-cheeks'. Captain Prince may be elderly but by dawn, 'the lithe and dusky cheeks' of Monnelia's bottom are embellished by the cane's 'smarting willow-pattern'.

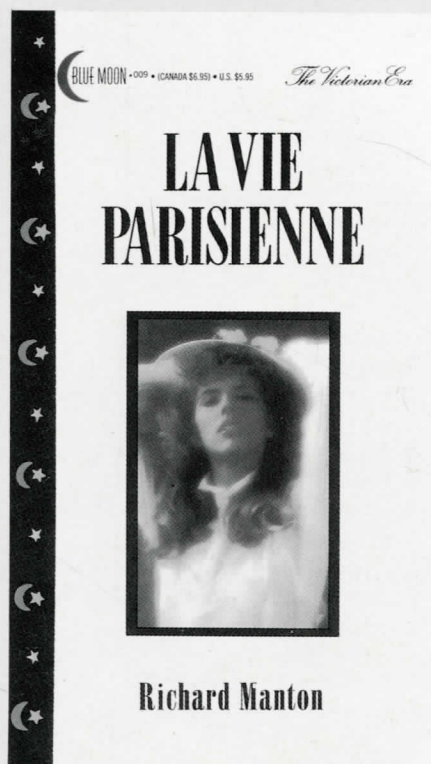
Mr Manton's novels form a continuum, characters and themes from one surfacing in another. Noreen is Mr Hardman's employee, his young window-dressers Sian and Helyn having been donated to the Villa Rosa. The training of Elaine Cox is seen from varied angles in different stories. This is a sealed world of sexual autocracies like Port Xantra (the setting for Uncle Barbassou, *Janus* 96) or Cheluna, where all the stories seem to be going on all the time. Eros meets Dr Einstein. Eroticism absorbs time, as flame de-oxygenates air. There is a pervasive and insistent direction of our attention to the current object of desire. If the narrative guides us to study the 'firm pale cheeks of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom' with or without the cane across them, the reader may still be studying them in half an hour's time, getting to know them with an intimacy that is rare in erotic fiction.



Richard Manton says of this: 'In the background of a reader's mind is Lesley's urchin-cropped moodiness, clear pale features, dismissive response to men. Filling the foreground is the firm mature pallor of her bottom-cheeks as she bends. A chapter dwells on the shifting and tensing of Lesley's rear cheeks, their swelling out and curving in together, their uneasy flesh-creasing, pressing together and parting. Its aim is to capture the reader's imagination. When he's commuting next day or between dictating letters, the image of Lesley's bare backside floats into mind. Next night, he picks up the book. By then, he's so into Lesley, or Noreen or whoever, that the first smack of bamboo goes off like a bomb in his mind. He becomes the chastiser, enjoying it more because Lesley or Noreen is like a real girl whom he knows. Too many CP novels are no more erotic in such scenes than a neighbour chopping down a tree.' There's certainly none of that lumberjack stuff in the Manton country.

Richard Manton's novels are obtainable in paperback from the publisher, Blue Moon Books Inc, 61 Fourth Avenue, New York, NY 10003, USA. A full catalogue will be sent if requested quoting this review. ●

Todd Mallanson worked as Features Writer for Men Only and Club International. His crime-novel *Ladykiller* (1980) describes the last days of Neville Heath.



A Day of Discipline

by Carol T. of London W5

IN MY PREVIOUS confessions I have tried to give *Janus* readers some honest insight into what married life can be like with a strict disciplinarian husband who keeps a cane in his study and another cane in our bedroom. I suspect that, while many couples at one time or another indulge in mild spanking as sexual foreplay, real punishment such as caning is restricted to dedicated and understanding partners like David and me. The obvious reason for this is that the cane really hurts, particularly when administered to the bare bottom, as it usually is in my case. David is always careful not to exceed our agreed limits, but he nevertheless makes sure to sting and mark my bottom. As a result of my



fascination for corporal punishment, I am now able to take six strokes of the cane on my bare bottom without too much of a fuss, even though it truly does hurt, believe me. The sexy after-effects of a caning more than compensate for those painful few minutes bending over with my knickers down.

I am very flattered by the enthusiastic response to my confessions, which has rather surprised me. I have simply been describing the events which happen when one is married to someone like David. Compared with your beautiful models, I am not very photogenic. Unfortunately for me, such a response simply encourages David to 'keep up the good work'.

Well, since this is supposed to be another Confession, let me confess to something. I recently bought a vibrator for use when David is away

on business. After buying it, I was anxious to try it out as soon as I could even though David was not away travelling, so I waited until he went out one evening and then I went up to the bedroom. I had hidden the vibrator in the drawer with my underwear, from which I now retrieved it. I stripped off my dress and knickers, lay back comfortably on the bed, opened my legs and turned on the vibrator. And at that inopportune moment, my dear husband walked into the bedroom.

I have never, before or since, felt quite so embarrassed. I turned off the vibrator and sat up on the bed, swinging my stockinged legs down to the floor. Instinctively, I covered my privates, even though David has of course seen them many times before. He didn't shout or get angry. He just held out his hand and I gave him the vibrator. When he did speak, it was quietly but firmly.

'Stand up,' he said, and I stood up still covering my privates with my hands. He ran his hand over my bare buttocks. 'I really like your nice smooth bottom, you know, which is why it's such a pity I'm going to have to give it a caning. The cane's going to raise weals on this nice smooth surface and make it all rough and red and sore. You never seem to learn though, Carol. As soon as my back is turned, you're misbehaving yourself. Fortunately, I just came back for something I'd forgotten and caught you at it. Well, I haven't time to deal with you now, but tomorrow is Saturday. I think it's about time you had another Discipline Day, don't you?' I looked at him in dismay, but I could see he had already made up his mind. 'Yes, D-Day tomorrow for you. Now, get some pants on, woman, and make yourself decent. And you see you behave yourself.' He left, still carrying the vibrator.

I put my knickers back on and lay on the bed to contemplate my prospects for the next day. On Discipline Day, or D-Day as David calls it, I have to spend the whole day in just my underwear and stockings performing menial tasks of cleaning, washing and tidying, all under the constant threat of punishment. Periodically throughout the day, I am actually punished. Before you think I'm crazy to agree

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to participate in such a Day (assuming I have a choice) and decide that I must be fantasising, let me explain what I get out of it. As an adult, I have always found the *anticipation* of receiving punishment exciting, even though the punishment itself is, as I said, invariably painful. The mixture of pain and excitement is sexually arousing, which is why punishment sessions are usually followed by either intercourse or masturbation.

On Discipline Day, after each punishment, David and I make love, and this might happen three or four times during the day. Therefore, as I suffer across David's knee, or under his cane, I know for sure that when it is over he will make love to me. The pain of corporal punishment and the fear beforehand are counterbalanced by the extreme pleasures of passionate sex which follow afterwards. Discipline Days are obviously difficult to arrange because we must both be free all day, with no visitors calling at the house. Therefore, by their very infrequency, D-Days are all the more exciting when they actually take place. And that's why I lay on the bed that evening masturbating to thoughts of what would happen to me the next day. Fortunately, David did not return to interrupt me a second time.

* * *

'Wake up, Carol!' David was leaning over me, tugging at my arm. 'It's time you were up, or have you forgotten what day it is?' I struggled to remember as I sat up in bed, the images of a dream still lingering before me. I knew it was Saturday, but what else, I wondered. Then I remembered the event of the previous evening. It was Discipline Day, and David was obviously keen to get started.

'I want you in bra and pants down in the kitchen ready for work in no more than 20 minutes. Do you understand?'

'Yes, David,' I mumbled, and as he reached the door he paused and pointed a finger at me.

'And don't forget your stockings and suspenders,' he warned as he left the bedroom.

'No, David.' How could I, I asked myself, I am hardly ever

allowed to wear tights. I got out of bed, took off my nightie and turned on the shower. When it was the right temperature, I climbed under the jets of water and relaxed in the warmth, gently soaping myself all over. I allowed myself only five minutes under the shower before turning off the water and drying myself. I opened my underwear drawer and selected a sexy red bra, lacy suspender belt and a pair of tan-coloured stockings. All my knickers are the same – white, plain and of the sensible schoolgirl type that David likes. I fastened the suspender belt around my waist and was just clipping the suspenders to the top of the second stocking when David came into the bedroom holding his camera.

‘Oh, please,’ I protested. ‘Please let me have some privacy while I’m

wear tights like other wives? Why must I always wear stockings just to please you? They went out of fashion in the Sixties, for heaven’s sake!’

David ignored my outburst. ‘Put your panties on please, Carol,’ he said, not raising his voice, and angrily I stepped into them and pulled them up. As the knickers reached the tops of my stockings I heard the camera click. I turned towards him and he put the camera on the bed and came and stood beside me. ‘Stand straight and put your hands on your head.’ Fearfully, my anger subsiding, I did as I was told. ‘Not a very auspicious start to the day, Carol. This is the day when you’re supposed to be disciplined for past misdeeds, such as what you were doing yesterday evening. I would not expect you to make

‘Before I could protest, he began spanking with short hard smacks which soon had me squirming and yelping. After what seemed like an age he paused to pull down my knickers, and then continued the spanking, this time on my bare bottom. The sting was really building up, and I started to wriggle madly over David’s knee. Again, after what seemed like another age, he stopped and I felt him sliding my knickers down my legs, over my shoes, and off. He ran his hand slowly up my stockings and stroked my bottom. I felt his fingers between my legs, touching my private parts...’

getting dressed.’ I covered my breasts protectively.

‘Don’t worry about your breasts, I’m not interested in them,’ he said, removing the lens cap from the camera. ‘I’m going to photograph your bottom for *Janus*. I want a complete record of your Discipline Day. Put your brassière on and turn round.’ I hurriedly put on my bra, hiding my breasts from his prying camera. Reluctantly I turned away so that my bare bottom was towards him, and as I adjusted a suspender, I heard the camera click. ‘I also want a photo of you putting your panties on.’ Annoyed at not even being allowed to dress in private, I snatched the remaining undergarment from the bed and held it up.

‘These aren’t panties,’ I protested angrily. ‘Panties are brief, and lacy, and coloured and, er, pretty. That’s what someone of my age should be wearing, not these ghastly old-fashioned white knickers you always make me wear. And while we’re on the subject, why can’t I

things worse by further insubordination.’ I flinched as he ran his hand over my bottom. ‘Now, what are we going to do about your little temper tantrum? You surely don’t expect it to go unpunished?’

‘I’m s-sorry,’ I pleaded, ‘I just got carried away.’ He squeezed my bottom through my knickers.

‘Indeed you did. You know, I think I’m going to give you a stroke of the cane.’

‘Oh no. Not now, please. It’s too early. You’ve got all day, and you promised you wouldn’t use the cane until last.’ Unwisely, I complained that what he was suggesting was unfair.

‘Protesting again, are we? Oh dear, you never learn, do you? I’ll just have to make it two strokes of the cane.’ I opened my mouth to object again, caught his eye and thought better of it. I lapsed into a resentful silence, watching him go to our bedroom cupboard and take out the cane he kept there for just such occasions. The cane was

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bamboo and not very flexible. I hate it because it stings more than the conventional rattan. I felt he was being excessively strict, caning me for such a trivial offence. He knew I was always tense and nervous with uncertainty at the start of a Day of Discipline. I had just gone a little too far, but I hadn’t meant it.

‘Bend over,’ he ordered. ‘Touch your toes.’ With a sigh of resignation I dipped forward into position, my knickers tightening across my bottom. The cane swished behind me and I felt the sharp sting as it made contact with my bottom. Not hard, just hard enough to sting and mark my bottom under the knickers. The second stroke was harder, but still quite mild by David’s standards. I stood up, rubbing my smarting bottom. ‘Just a little taste of what’s to come. There’ll be much worse later,’ David warned, handing me the cane. ‘Put it away and follow me downstairs.’ He went out. I returned the cane to the cupboard and then pushed down my knickers and took a quick look at my bottom in the mirror. Two parallel red lines marked both buttocks, the weals only slightly raised above the surface. It could be much more severe than that, and I suspected it would be before the day was out. Knickers back up, I hurried downstairs to see what David had in store for me.

‘How’s your bottom?’ he asked, rather sardonically I thought, as I entered the lounge.

‘It stings,’ I replied, giving it a rub.

‘Well, it’ll soon be a lot sorer than that, I’m sure. Now, we’ll begin with breakfast, and then you can tidy up, especially our bedroom. Put all your clothes away for a change, instead of leaving them lying around. I’ll check on how well you do, and if I’m not satisfied, I’m going to put you over my knee and spank you. After lunch you can clean out the kitchen cupboards, and anything else that needs a proper clean. There’s also a pile of ironing waiting to be done. Then, at the end of the afternoon, we’ll see how things are, but in any case I’m going to punish you for last night’s incident with the vibrator. Have you used it before?’

I shook my head. ‘No. I only just bought it. It was to help give me

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relief when you're travelling.'

'Then you should have waited till I went away, shouldn't you? I warned you what would happen if I caught you masturbating again

went across to him, my hands instinctively going behind to protect my bottom. 'Put your hands on your head,' he said sharply, and I obeyed at once. He gave my bottom a fierce

'Legs straight, bottom up,' he commanded, tapping my buttocks sharply with the cane. I straightened my legs, raising my bottom higher, and stared down at the bedroom carpet.

Although I have been in this position many times since I married David I still find it humiliating to be there in front of him with my underwear down and my bare bottom sticking up. Such feelings are quickly forgotten when I hear the swish of the cane ...'

without permission, so now you have a caning to look forward to. Right, well that's enough chat. Let's have breakfast, and then you can get down to work.'

A quick breakfast of cereal and toast eaten in silence, and then I set to work tidying up the house, which admittedly was in rather a mess. David checked up on my progress from time to time, smacking my bottom as an encouragement to work harder. Wearing just my bra and knickers, I felt vulnerable whenever he was in the room and tried to keep my bottom pointing away from him, with limited success. In any case David smacks my bottom whenever he wants to, which is rather frequently on Discipline Days. I finished tidying the lounge and then went upstairs to the bedroom. I spent about half-an-hour putting away discarded clothes and sorting things out before I heard David coming upstairs. He came into the bedroom and I watched him close the door. I knew from the look he gave me that he had come to spank me.

'Come here,' he said. Hesitantly I

slap and I cried out. He put his hand down inside my knickers and squeezed each buttock hard. I winced and tried to pull away. 'It's time you had these spanked,' he said sternly. He sat down on the upright bedroom chair and pulled me face-down across his knee. Before I could protest, he began spanking with short hard smacks which soon had me squirming and yelping. After what seemed like an age he paused to pull down my knickers, and then continued the spanking, this time on my bare bottom. The sting was really building up, and I started to wriggle madly over David's knee. Again, after what seemed like another age, he stopped and I felt him sliding my knickers down my legs, over my shoes, and off. He ran his hand slowly up my stockings and stroked my bottom. I felt his fingers between my legs, touching my private parts. He gently helped me up off his knee and taking the hand that had just spanked me, I led him over to the bed. He took off his trousers and lay beside me on the bed. The roles of master and slave were reversed as I

took charge, liberating David's erect penis from the confines of his underpants and initiating the first lovemaking session of this particular Discipline Day.

As frequently happens after a spanking session, David came too quickly, leaving me unsatisfied and with a sore bottom. As I lay face-down on the bed afterwards, David put his underpants and trousers back on and sat on the bed beside me. He stroked my bare bottom, and then smacked me. As I rolled on my side protesting, he held up my knickers.

'Pants on and back to work,' he ordered me, and I reluctantly got off the bed and stepped into my knickers. As we went downstairs, all I wanted to do was go off quietly on my own and masturbate. I felt frustrated, and even a little annoyed. Here I was, being made to go through a whole day of punishment and so far all I had got out of it apart from a scorching bottom was a five-minute lovemaking session which had left me more unsatisfied at the end than at the beginning. Of course I did not dare express my feelings to David as I obediently prepared his lunch.

David tucked into a good lunch. It seemed that spanking and sex gave him a good appetite, whereas I had no appetite and hardly ate anything, although I don't think David really noticed my mood. Before long, however, it was time to clear up the lunch things and get back to work. The afternoon schedule included more cleaning and tidying, in the kitchen this time, and then a large pile of ironing awaited me in the bedroom. I hate washing and ironing and let it pile up, and sometimes get into trouble when David has no clean shirt to wear.

I got started on the kitchen, and David went off to the study to work on a report. At 2:30, as I was in the middle of washing the kitchen floor, the phone rang. It was my friend Sue.

'Hi, Carol. I just wanted to check what time to pick you up tonight.'

'Hold on, Sue, I'll just go and ask David.' With a sinking feeling I knocked on the study door and looked in. 'It's Sue. She wants to know if I can go out with her tonight.'

David frowned and shook his head. 'My dear woman, in case

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you've forgotten, you're being punished all day today, and that includes this evening. You can forget about going out enjoying yourself until you've learnt your lesson. Obviously, with suggestions like that you've still got some way to go. Now, hurry up and finish on the phone and get back to work, unless you want me to come and give you another good walloping.'

I closed the door and regretfully explained to Sue that I would not be able to meet her that evening. She was quite annoyed, as we had made the arrangement earlier in the week and my mind went blank when I tried to think of a convincing excuse. She seemed to think that I just didn't want to go out with her. I finally more or less convinced her that I really could not make it, and hung up before David came out of his study and carried out his threat

in the house. I stroked the front of my knickers temptingly. Just imagine what would happen if he caught me...

The more I thought about my situation, the more I resented my unfair treatment. Apart from all the hard work and the spanking, I still had a caning to look forward to. I suppose it was a combination of sexual frustration, tiredness and a feeling of being unfairly treated that convinced me to act in a way that was very much out of character. I can only attribute it to the stresses unique to our Discipline Days. I decided it was time to tell David what I thought of his treatment of me. Resolved, I turned off the iron, but as I went to the bedroom door it opened and David came in. He looked surprised.

'Why have you stopped ironing?' he asked quietly. I took a deep

'You mean...' I began, but he interrupted me.

'Exactly. You could now be starting a period of well-deserved relaxation. But instead, because of your ill-chosen and poorly-timed remarks, I will have to reconsider my leniency. In fact, how dare you presume to tell me what to do?'

'I'm s-sorry, I didn't think, I-I...'

'Correct. A serious case of insubordination, I'd call it. It seems to me you require *more* punishment, not less, and we both know there's only one punishment suitable for a wife with your attitude. Caning, that's what you need. Go and fetch the cane.' He spoke quietly but firmly, his tone leaving no possibility for protests, excuses or refusals. As a result of my regrettable remarks, I realised that I was again in serious trouble and any further disobedience could only but make matters worse.

I went to the cupboard and retrieved the bamboo cane with the curved handle that I had returned there earlier that morning. I passed it to him, crook-handle first, and he took it, flexed it. He swished it twice through the air. 'I do not regard the vibrator issue as lightly as you obviously do. As my wife, your sexual activity is very much my concern and the use of such artificial aids is bound to affect our sexual relations. It is my duty to control your behaviour and your disobedience cannot – and will not – go unpunished. Naughty girls, whatever their age, must expect punishment. In your case, of course, this punishment will be of the traditional sort.' He gestured with the cane. 'Take them down. Your knickers or your panties, or whatever you want to call them. Take them down.'

I turned my back towards my husband and obediently pulled down my knickers, baring my bottom. This part of the routine is intended to humiliate me because David knows that my knickers offer little protection from his cane. I have completely lost count of the number of times over the years that I have had to take my knickers down in front of David. Usually I am fully dressed but on these Discipline Day occasions, with the exception of my bra, I am more or less bare from the tops of my



to spank me again.

I finished the work in the kitchen and then went upstairs to the bedroom where the pile of ironing was waiting for me. As I slowly ironed my way through the hateful mountain of shirts and trousers, I got more and more fed up. I was having to spend the whole day in my underwear, slaving away, just because I had bought an innocent vibrator, which I am sure many wives use when their husbands are away. If David didn't approve, he should have just punished me for the vibrator and got it over with instead of stringing it out all day, making me work humiliatingly half-naked. And so much for the promise of sex – I hadn't got much out of that so far. The five minutes on the bed had simply increased my sexual frustration, but I couldn't dare take the risk of masturbating with David

breath, summoning all my courage.

'Because I was coming to tell you that I am getting fed up with being punished all day. It's not fair, just for buying a vibrator. I never even got to use it. Just for that I'm not allowed to get dressed all day, I have to do menial work, I get spanked, and I'm probably going to get caned too. It's really not fair, but I don't suppose you agree,' I finished lamely. He was silent for what seemed like ages, and later he told me he had wondered whether he was going too far.

'Actually, I do agree, and I was just coming to tell you that you could have a rest.' I could only stare at him, realising that he had been thinking of me with his usual concern even whilst treating me strictly. And I had been stupid enough to jump the gun and rebel selfishly against his caring authority.

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stockings upwards. Undressed like that in the presence of a fully-clothed man makes me feel very vulnerable and submissive, a feeling enhanced by the sight of the cane held ready for use in his right hand and the certainty that he is about to use that cane on my bottom:

'How many strokes will I get?' I asked fearfully, glancing back over my shoulder.

'Four for the vibrator and four for your recent disobedience and insubordination. And I'll make sure they hurt, which isn't difficult with this cane. That should set you straight. Bend over and touch your toes, woman,' he ordered, his tone leaving no doubt as to the consequences were I to disobey. I did not disobey. 'Legs straight, bottom up,' he commanded, tapping my buttocks sharply with the cane. I

times since I married David I still find it humiliating to be there in front of him with my underwear down and my bare bottom sticking up. Such feelings are quickly forgotten when I hear the swish of the cane.

WHACK! 'Owww,' I gasped, the sudden sting of the stroke taking my breath away. I closed my eyes and clenched my teeth.

WHACK! 'Aaah!' The second stroke hurt, the unyielding bamboo seeming to bite into my buttocks.

WHACK! 'Owowow!' The third stroke was very painful and my knees started to sag. David told me to straighten my legs and slowly I obeyed.

WHACK! 'Ooooh, please,' I wailed, 'not so hard. It hurts!'

'Stand up,' I heard David say over my sobs and gasps, and slowly

let the elastic waistband touch my weals.

'B-but that's only f-four,' I stammered.

'I can count,' he said, tossing the cane on to the bed. 'You get the other four after you finish the ironing. Now don't just stand there rubbing your bottom. Get back to work.' I hated him. He knew very well that during the next half-hour my buttocks would become very sore and tender and that further caning then would feel much more painful than having all eight strokes at once. 'I'll be back in half-an-hour, and woe betide you if you've not finished by then.'

Miserably, I turned on the iron and resumed where I had left off. Working as hard as I could, with an occasional pause for bottom rubbing, I was just finishing the last shirt when David opened the door.

'Have you finished yet?' he demanded.

'Oh yes, I have,' I replied thankfully, reaching for a hanger to put the shirt on.

'Just in time,' he retorted, closing the door. I turned off the iron and watched apprehensively as he picked up the cane. 'Don't just stand there. Take your knickers down again and bend over.' I carefully eased my knickers down over my bottom which, as expected, felt hot, sore and very tender. I bent over and touched my toes, and cried out as he squeezed my buttocks. 'This bottom looks nice and sore, so you're really going to feel the next four strokes.' I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and tensed my muscles. In spite of this preparation, as I heard the cane swish I twisted my bottom sideways. I heard David grunt with annoyance, but I felt nothing and slowly relaxed back into position.

WHACK! The stroke must have overlapped one of the previous weals because it hurt so much. 'That stroke was for moving. You've still got four to come, so you'd better make sure you keep still from now on,' he warned me.

'Oh please, no. I c-couldn't help it,' I moaned.

WHACK! 'Ooooh!' More wailing and hopping from one foot to the other. I must have appeared quite a comic sight from where David was standing.

WHACK! I just wanted him to finish, and it took all my willpower

‘Just one more stroke, and you know where it’s going to be,’ David said, his voice firm but full of desire. ‘Let’s have these knickers just a little lower.’ I felt him push my knickers down round my stocking-tops, baring my upper thighs just below the buttocks. I knew he would aim the last stroke for that hypersensitive zone. ‘Legs straight and head right down,’ he ordered, and I felt him lay the cane along the underside of my buttocks, taking careful aim . . .



straightened my legs, raising my bottom higher, and stared down at the bedroom carpet. Although I have been in this position many

I stood vertical, clutching my bottom. 'Pull up your knickers,' he ordered, and I reached down and pulled them up, taking care not to

not to reach behind and clutch my bottom. I knew the consequences if I did!

WHACK! 'Ooooh. P-please, it hurts . . .' I wailed in desperation. I felt him step up close behind me, his hands on my bottom.

'Just one more stroke, and you know where it's going to be,' David said, his voice firm but full of desire. 'Let's have these knickers just a little lower.' I felt him push my knickers down round my stocking-tops, baring my upper thighs just below the buttocks. I knew he would aim the last stroke for that hypersensitive zone. 'Legs straight and head right down,' he ordered, and I felt him lay the cane along the underside of my buttocks, taking careful aim.

WHACK! David's extensive experience with caning me enabled him to place the stroke with pinpoint accuracy. The sting was so intense I grabbed my buttocks, still doubled up, hopping from foot to foot in a dance of agony. I kept telling myself it was over, the caning was over, and somehow I had survived. After a few minutes I was able to compose myself and gently ease my knickers back into place. I glanced at my watch and saw it was already 6 pm. I could hardly believe that I had spent the whole day undergoing punishment.

David returned from putting the cane away in the cupboard, took my arm and gently led me to the bed and helped me lie face-down. He sat beside me on the bed and equally gently he pulled down my knickers at the back, taking care not to let the waistband touch the reddening weals.

'Mmm. It'll be a while before you sit down comfortably on that bottom,' he mused, very carefully stroking me there. 'Just as I warned you last night, Carol, that nice smooth bottom of yours is now all rough and red and sore. What a pity! Still, I hope you've learned your lesson from this, so that we won't have to go through it all again for some time.' I lay, eyes closed, as he continued to stroke my bottom and the inside of my thighs. Gradually, the sexual tension built up again, unsatisfied since the morning. I pushed myself up on to my elbow.

'Please make me come,' I pleaded with him. 'I want to come.'

'And if I do, what do I get?' he asked teasingly, glancing down at the bulge in the front of his trousers. I formed my mouth into an O and ran my tongue around my lips. Fellatio is a rather recent addition to our sexual activity. He nodded and slipped his left hand under me, and began to touch my privates from below whilst his right hand

A Reader's Confession

continued to stroke my bottom. My husband, who can cause me such hurt, can also give me great pleasure – although, for David and me, the two seem invariably to go together!

* * *

Preparing a Confession for *Janus* is not an easy task because of the high standards demanded by the Editor and strictly enforced by my husband. Following enthusiastic response from readers to my recent efforts I am required to spend more and more time preparing such confessions and – worse still – meeting precise deadlines. While David's photographs may be ready two days after a particularly appropriate incident, I have to remember the details of the incident, make notes, write preparatory drafts and then assemble the drafts into a full-length confession. David checks all manuscripts for details, and everything must correspond exactly with the actual events. Nothing is to be made up or altered afterwards.

This work is very demanding and there are times when perhaps my drafts are inaccurate, or a deadline is missed. Punishment for such failure is swift and painful and usually involves the 18-inch plastic ruler conveniently located on the desk next to our word processor. After having had my bare bottom rulered I am invariably expected to resume typing immediately, for which fortunately a cushion is provided.

For a variety of reasons, this confession has been particularly difficult to complete. I apologise for the repeated delay, for which I can assure you I have received copious punishment. On three separate occasions, David has made me bend over the desk with my knickers down, twice for 12 strokes of the ruler and once for six strokes of the cane. David has informed me that the Editor has asked me to provide *Janus* with a true confession at regular intervals, detailing our recent CP activities and their effects on me. David says this is a great honour and that he has accepted on my behalf. His role will be to ensure I meet the deadlines, and for this purpose I notice that a cane has now appeared on the desk along with the ruler. I had better get started on the next confession without further delay! ●



READERS' LETTERS

All Janus readers' letters are edited versions of genuine letters received at our editorial offices – **we** don't make them up! Have you a fascinating experience to share with other readers? Go on, spell it out and send it in to the Editor. Names and addresses are never disclosed. Photos of readers' wives and girlfriends in spanking situations are welcome, too, so long as the model agrees to publication. We'll send a Model Release Form for any we hope to use in which faces are shown. Readers are reminded that it is our policy not to forward letters to our correspondents.

Mancunian Amusements

I would like to tell you a true story that happened back in the Sixties. At the end of 1965 I met a young lady called Jeanette and we started going out together. We went out for several years. At that time I had not discovered spanking. We used to go to the pictures every Monday night and when we got back to her parents' home Jeanette always cleaned the kitchen.

I used to watch her. I would be sat at the kitchen table while Jeanette stood at the kitchen sink washing the pots and pans left there from the evening meal. As she started doing the washing-up her fat arse began to move to the rhythm of her exertions. She had a magnificent arse – it must have been all of 38 inches. And when she was bent to clean the cupboards and the cooker, it stuck out in all directions. Sometimes Jeanette would be wearing hot pants in brown leather or purple cotton, and what a sight she made in them. She also wore a very tight blue skirt which was a favourite of mine and had a fantastic shine right across the seat.

The last thing Jeanette used to do was sweep the floor with a little dustpan and brush. This caused her large bottom to stick right up in the air. By this time, yours truly would be right behind Jeanette, fondling and stroking her bottom through her clothing. When she had finished I would bend her over the kitchen chair with her forehead on the seat and her arse stuck up behind her. Then I would 'flick' the wide expanse of her clothed bottom with my fingers for about 15 to 20 minutes until it became very hot. Jeanette did not like this but she put up with it for my sake.

Of course when I had finished warming Jeanette's arse, the clothing would come down, then her knickers. And 'Fred' would do his stuff. What

happy days! That was a long time ago now, but writing about this has brought back old memories.

**B.S.,
Manchester**

● *You may not have been into spanking at the time, but despite her expressed attitude we think your ladyfriend was! – Ed.*

Justice For A Rear Of The Year

Remembering your earlier call for an agony aunt or uncle to provide strictly sensible answers to the kind of problems dealt with by Ms Proops and her ilk, I thought you might be amused by this letter in *The Sun*. It originally appeared in 1988 but was reprinted on 11.8.94 under the banner 'The best of 15 years of Dear Deidre'. Presumably, the 'confidante' is particularly proud of the advice she gave this troubled soul.

Dear Deidre,

I've just won a Rear Of The Year contest at a local disco but it has wrecked my career and I wish I'd never entered.

I work for my dad in his estate agent's business and was delighted when he said he was planning to make me a director.

Then he saw a picture of me showing off my bum in Mickey Mouse knickers in the local newspaper. He says I disgraced the company and has threatened to sack me. How can I show him I'm worthy of my job?

Deidre says: Don't talk to him about it for a while. It's understandable that he is angry at the moment.

Just work extra hard and show him how responsible you really are. In a few

months' time I'm sure you'll be forgiven.

The agony aunt's advice was to 'skirt around' the issue in the hope that it would eventually go away. My advice to the young lady would be to take her skirt down and offer her obviously choice bottom to her father to punish, clad in the knickers in which it brought disgrace on the family firm. It seems far better to me to confront the problem directly than attempt to evade it, and in this way the matter could be resolved in minutes not months. The young lady's humiliation would be in private, and she would have the satisfaction of seeing her name printed on the company's stationery with the world none the wiser.

I think Deidre is a dope.

**E.N.,
Southampton**

Caning With A Rear View Mirror

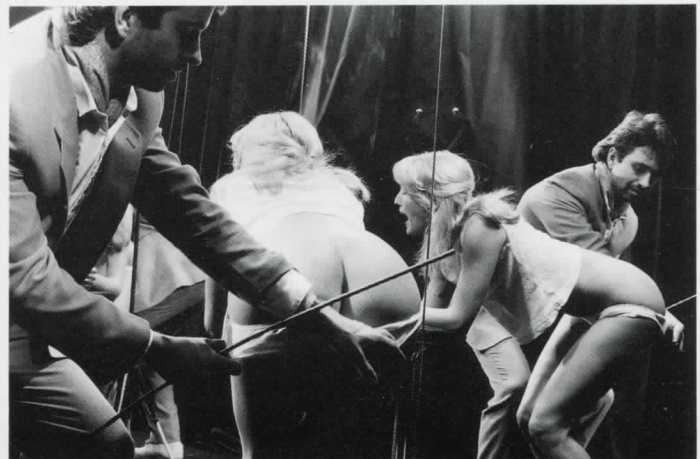
Thank you for publishing my letter in *Janus* 103, titled Twice Bitten, Forever Smitten. I have since had another CP experience which you may find interesting.

Having on two occasions caned a young lady, I was

anxious to dig deeper and explore the thinking and reactions of the recipient before and after each stroke of the cane. Through my usual channels of supply I arranged for another model to visit my house for the purpose of receiving a severe thrashing. I am fascinated with the apparatus featured in *Janus* 75 and was determined to construct a punishment trestle of a more basic style to obtain a similar posture for my model. This I managed to do, though the result bears no comparison with your apparatus.

I felt that there was insufficient humiliation for the model simply to have her bare bottom caned. To really make my point, I arranged a series of mirrors in such a way that my chastisee could watch the impact of the cane on her bottom. She would also be able to see my expression as I administered each stroke.

When the young lady was in position she wore only a brassiere, suspender belt and seamed stockings. Her bottom and the backs of her thighs were presented with the flesh stretched very tight. I lined up a particularly whippy cane, striking the exposed backs of her thighs above her stocking-tops and continuing right up her bottom. Several strokes were given both straight and diagonally across the backs of



READERS' LETTERS

her thighs.

Using a stereo tape recorder, I made a careful recording of the session. I wanted to hear the young lady cry out and gasp for breath as the incredible sting reached maximum ferocity. I wanted to see her bottom and legs tremble as she fought to absorb the pain. I was not to be disappointed on either count, and it is marvellous to possess a permanent sound recording of the caning I gave her.

I spent hours making the equipment. I spent hours practising the sweep of the cane with the tip landing on a predetermined place on a cushion. Without doubt it was the most satisfying afternoon I have ever had. After the session, while we were having a cup of tea and a piece of fruit cake, we were discussing the effect of the mirrors. Without any prompting from me she remarked, 'Just before you bring the cane down your eyes become glazed – you appear to be demon-possessed!'

I have a strong faith in God and I found that remark upsetting. I am aware that I give the subject my complete, undivided attention. I am so totally absorbed and committed, I could almost be on another planet.

C.B.,
Yorkshire

A Living Statue

Janus 102 has broken all records by providing us with a really long and exciting confession from Carol T. of London. No less than five very good photographs of Carol's bottom in submissive pose have been included, and congratulations are due to David, her husband, not only for the photography but also for how the pictures have been conceived and composed.

The wisdom of taking pictures in close sequence is seen in the three photos of Carol's knickers being taken down prior to correction over David's knee. The first of these sequential shots shows the knickers at the start of being

pulled down, the second illustrates them being pulled down to the fully lowered position, and the third is a picture of the action completed and her bare bottom ready for spanking. This is the next best thing to seeing the action in motion and is very satisfying. All the photographs in this confession are the very best that we have yet seen of Carol's bottom.

In the picture where she is kneeling on the bed with her bare bottom up in the air, the fact that her head is much lower imparts to the buttocks an upward thrust and a super roundness which shows them off very well indeed. A great picture. Incidentally, I fully concur with David's choice of the traditional type of plain white knickers that Carol is made to wear, and agree that no other style should be allowed. They should always be taken down for her punishments, however.

It is good to read that, while in America, Carol had to have her bottom smacked on several occasions for being disobedient and irresponsible. There is nothing like sticking to the rules under all circumstances.

Regarding Carol's thoughts on witnesses to her punishments, this would be a very welcome addition to her confessions. We must hope that David will soon decide to carry it out, and also that he will be kind enough to ensure she gives *Janus* fully detailed reports, as always, on the outcome of such incidents. Carol, of course, should not be allowed to choose the person or persons who will witness her chastisement. Not knowing who is to be present would increase the psychological severity of the punishment. There is nothing so effective as an unwelcome surprise to set the right atmosphere.

The reddening of Carol's bottom is the object of the exercise, combined with the additional embarrassment of having the administered strokes closely watched by interested witnesses selected by her husband. Anything which could enhance the humiliation and shame she might feel at having her bottom publicly bared for the cane should be included,

such as being made to remain quite still in the posture with her bare buttocks well presented so that the onlookers can study the changed colour of her bottom and discuss the placing and other aspects of the strokes. The one consolation for her would be the knowledge that all her fans will be richly entertained and thoroughly enjoy the reading of the detailed report she will be made to send to *Janus* at the end of it all.

Meanwhile, thank you so much for the lovely erotic pictures of Carol's gorgeous bum.

S.B.,
Hampshire

Posture Meets With Approval

It was interesting to see in *Janus* 102 that Mrs Carol T. had been allotted a section of Blue Pages in which to tell us about the punishments she has recently received and the reasons for them. All well deserved, I am sure, as are the regular canings and spankings she gets. Certainly, the more she gets the better, as far as most of us are concerned. David, her husband, is very lucky to have a submissive wife who realises that life is much more pleasant when CP is used to settle marital problems.

There were some good pictures in her confession entitled The SF Spanking Incident. Especially appealing were the ones of Carol having her knickers taken down with her bottom sticking right out ready for a caning across David's knee. However, the bare-bottomed 'kneeling on the bed' position takes top marks for the best shot, by demonstrating the absolutely perfect posture in which to offer up the bottom for caning. Down on all fours, and leaning forward on her elbows, Carol has her bottom right up in the air while keeping her head well down with her face buried in a pillow. This is a stable and very submissive posture with the added advantage of being much more humiliating than an

ordinary presentation. With her bare bottom raised high and head pressed down it becomes necessary for her to arch her back, thus separating and stretching her buttocks into a good round target which offers a splendid display to the cane. It would be fantastic if her husband decided to use this position more often for her punishments.

As Carol herself remarks, 'It is actually more comfortable . . . than bending over touching your toes; there is more support, and by burying my face in the pillow I make less noise when I cry out.' This comment is most important and typically unselfish, I would think. She knows that absolute silence is desirable during punishment in order that the strokes may be administered accurately and precisely where required, with the desired amount of force. Any noise such as yelps or squeals can spoil one's concentration, and result in the pattern of completed stripes looking less than perfect.

This position would, in my opinion, be an excellent caning posture to adopt for punishment in the presence of a third party, an experience which Carol seems instinctively to feel will happen to her soon. In fact, since reading her husband's delicious letter Caning Heard Through Open Door in *Janus* 99, I have been hoping that David would at some time invite Carol's mother to watch her grown-up daughter getting her bare bottom caned. Although this would be severely humiliating for Carol, especially in the kneeling position, I am sure I speak for most readers when I say that it would bring great delight and satisfaction to us all.

Please keep the Blue Pages going, with lots of space for Carol.

D.W.,
Brighton, Sussex

● The 'blue' pages are blue only when Carol T. is confessing! The readers' confessions are colour-coded according to the identity of the lady in question: each has been awarded her own chromatic signature. – Ed.

READERS' LETTERS

Faithful In Submission

My husband David and I enjoy reading about other couples and their experiences. However, I was very disappointed to read the letter from S.J.McG. of Newcastle in *Janus* 98, where he described in great detail how his poor wife Anne had her bottom spanked by a male friend of his. In my opinion, he should never have even suggested such a thing, and far less allowed it to happen. I am sure Anne agreed to take part just in order to please him. How humiliating for the poor woman, having some stranger groping around under her knickers and fondling her bottom.

By unnecessarily making her take off her blouse when she was not wearing a bra, poor Anne was forced to display her bare breasts. The effect of the spanking on the unlikable Eddie was predictable – his precipitous departure with an erection presumably being to masturbate since, fortunately, S.J.McG. did not go so far as to also allow his friend to make love to Anne. From my experience, Anne was probably also aroused by the spanking and should normally have had intercourse with the spanker – her husband. How frustrating it must have been for the poor woman. In my opinion, S.J.McG. more than deserves to be sent to my old Headmistress – she'd know how to deal with him! It would be very interesting to have Anne's honest perspective on this incident, uncensored by her husband and without incurring further unfair punishment from him.

The point is that S.J.McG. took unfair advantage of Anne's submissive nature. My husband would never take advantage of me, delegating the responsibility of discipline, and making me show my breasts. While it is, of course, possible that Anne actually enjoyed the experience, I personally would no more be willing to be punished by another man than to make love with someone other than my husband. I consider that my marriage vows cover both activities.

Carol T. (Mrs),
London W5

● Carol's latest confession starts on page 40. – Ed.

Colourful Dreams

Congratulations to your production team for the photo feature *Stellar Rapture* (*Janus* 102) and of course to the picture of loveliness herself, Martine.

She has glorious long blonde hair, a pretty face, very shapely arms and shoulders, gorgeous perfectly-rounded breasts, neither sagging nor 'top-heavy', with her nipples in just the right state of arousal. She also has a slim waist and an alluring navel, fine hips and beautifully shaped thighs and calves. Her expressions in the photographs seem convincingly authentic and disclose a genuine enjoyment of her submissive role and chastisement with Stella's handled brush.

Martine is a great find indeed and worthy of inclusion in the 'top list' of your splendid models: Marika and Christina (*Janus* 97), Myrna and Lindsey-Jane (96), Tamasin (91), Chelsea (90), Tania Hicks (88), Paola (71), Anneke, Wendy and Penny – and now, the truly superb Martine!

My felicitations and thanks to these 'tingling twelve' and their creatively brilliant photographer. I, for one, certainly look forward to repeat performances by all these models in your pages, showing them enjoyably submitting to paddle, strap, martinet, tawse, cane, rattan, birch, riding switch, whip – whatever is consensual in each particular model's case. Bless 'em all!

May I enter a plea for *Janus* to feature some more of the very lovely black, Indian and Far-Eastern girls in our midst? I have not myself seen any black model gracing your pages since the sweet-looking Penny, nor any oriental girl since Lali (49, 50) or Asian beauty since the

unforgettable Usha (77). Please see what you can do. As I know from my own copious experiences, there is a rich and colourful world of genuinely submissive girls out there, and some of them deserve the honour of appearing in *Janus*.

H.O.C.,
London NW3

Metallic Spankings

For those readers of *Janus* who have not spotted it, I am delighted to report the release on video of the all-time film spanking great, 'McLintock'. The two spankings are every bit as good as I remember them on the big screen 20 years ago; not one frame of that avenging coal shovel contacting the bounteous bottoms of Miss O'Hara and Miss Powers is omitted, and the sound of every whack is faithfully recorded.

The famous spanking occurs near the end of the film, the lead-up starting one hour 55 minutes from the beginning. After careful examination in slow motion I thought at first that Maureen O'Hara had padded her panties, but I am now sure that I was maligning her: her tight wet knickers have nothing but bare bouncing bottom beneath them. The thwack of the shovel contacting them, wielded by John Wayne's muscular arm, must have really hurt. If you freeze-frame as each spank lands, the expression on Maureen's face makes it very clear that she was not acting! What a tough girl she was.

The other spanking conducted by Wayne's son Patrick on the bottom of Stephanie Powers occurs at one hour 27 minutes. It is carried out again with a shovel on the seat of her skirt. Miss Powers could have resorted to padding, but the sound of the vigorous whacks and her pained expressions make me think that she really felt it. A classic in its own right.

D.W.,
London SW6



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Coffee Table CP

Whilst your recent issues have been as good as ever, I have especially enjoyed the reprints, particularly those issues in the twenties. Issue 20 will always be a classic, with both Diana Parsons and Antonia du Bois featured. For me, Diana has always been one of the very best: her submissive pose over the table, whilst waiting for eight fearsome strokes of the strap across one of the roundest bottoms ever shown in *Janus*, was excellent.

Your ability to produce superb models is unsurpassed.

One thought that has often occurred to me is the concept of a 'Best of *Janus*' over the last ten years. My belief is that such a book could easily go toward 150 to 200 pages and would command a cover price of anything up to £30. It would become the CP coffee table classic of all time.

Imagine having in one volume the following:

The aforementioned Diana Parsons (20);

A decent selection of Anneke, who could easily contend for the ultimate award of the best-ever bottom seen in *Janus*. It was great to finally see her full-frontal in 93. Her 'personal collection' shot (letters, 100) was stunning;

Pippa Marshall (23), bending over the stool horrified at having her tunic raised before her knickers are pulled down, exposing her bottom in readiness for a caning;

Jilly Waistrose (26), whose bottom looked superb in jeans, and even better as she had to undergo her examination;

The stunning Janie Nicholls (30), totally nude and bending right over a tall bar stool with legs straight and hands holding the foot bar on the far side, being caned, with very real-looking marks as evidence;

Paula Meadows, best in 38 – particularly the inside front cover shot of her bent over with her hands flat on the carpet and her legs dead straight, wearing just a T-shirt and short socks;

Wendy East (39 & 45) – need you say more?

Nurse Brierley (49), lying face-down on a bed having removed her knickers and pulled up her dress, with a cane



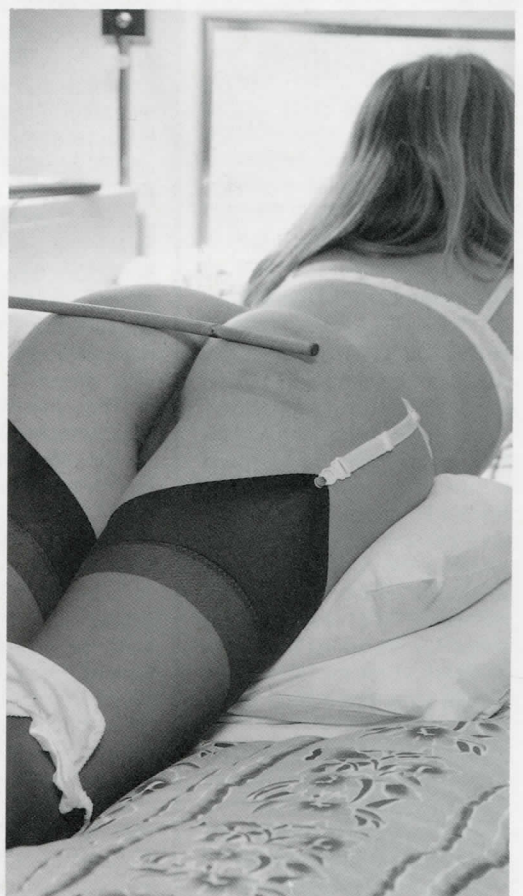
Diana Parsons



Jilly Waistrose



Sophie Fennington



Nicola Redway

READERS' LETTERS

hovering over her fully exposed bottom;

Sophie Fennington (in all three issues, 53, 54 & 60), my favourite pose being over the stool with her legs straight and the cane laid across her bottom encased in tight jeans;

Nicola Redway, particularly bare-bottomed (68) over two pillows in the hotel room with just stockings, suspender belt and bra remaining. She also looked great immediately before whilst still in possession of her panties;

Juliet Tessler (95) bending over with her legs perfectly straight, her knickers around her knees and her bare bottom exposed, awaiting the cane. Juliet is the star of the last year;

Erica Denholme (98) leaning over a desk, having surrendered her skirt and knickers, trying to prove that she can take the cane on her stunningly slim bottom.

Lastly, who saw the picture of Elizabeth Hurley on the cover of the *Sunday Times Magazine* on 31.7.94? It was probably the most erotic picture ever seen in the mass media for CP lovers. What a front cover for the 'Best of *Janus*' this picture would make!

Keep up the good work.

B.H.,
West Sussex

Designer Label Discipline

Firstly, can I just say that my wife is not a submissive person and she has a strong personality.

We have been abroad for three years and in London recently I purchased the hundredth edition of *Janus*. I was interested to read the review of the editions and note the change of emphasis due to censorship. The new emphasis on real-life situations is more to my taste. So for me, *Janus* will be even more fascinating in the future.

My wife deduced fairly early on that her bottom is a source of keen interest to me. At suitable private moments she accepts slaps of appreciation.

Her first independent gesture came when we were staying at the Londoner Hotel in Welbeck

Street a few years ago. We went to Bruno Magli in New Bond Street as she wanted to buy some shoes that were correct and fashionable without being too trendy. Whilst looking around the shop she tried on, and fell in love with, a timeless nappa leather jacket that looked fantastic, with price ticket to match. I said it was too expensive and she accepted that with good grace but when I handed over my gold card to pay for the shoes I just said, 'Put the jacket on the bill.' She was thrilled and she still looks great in it.

Later that day, when we were getting ready to go out for the evening, she came out of the shower and asked for a good rub-down with a Christy friction towel. After a brisk rub which really made her skin glow, she said she had a present for me for buying the coat. She told me to sit on the edge of the bed and then opened her handbag and took out a linen handkerchief, carefully folded it into four, and placed it on the bedside table. She opened a drawer and took out a polished beech ruler which she had secretly bought from Smythsons of New Bond Street whilst I had been busy on my own in another shop. She then positioned herself, still nude, across my lap. Her toes were pointed and just touching the carpet as she supported herself on her forearms on the bed. Her buttocks and legs looked superb, with her arched feet emphasising her calves. I remember she looked fantastically shapely.

Thus presenting herself for chastisement, my wife handed me the ruler: 'Not too much... I don't mind stingy, but keep it light.'

'What's the handkerchief for?' I asked.

'The walls are as thin as paper,' she answered. 'I don't want the management to come running.' With that she switched on the radio, turned the volume up and placed the folded handkerchief in her mouth. I had a very pleasant ten minutes, finding out how stingy was 'stingy'. The efficacy of the superior Smythsons product was indicated by the considerable degree of wiggle. She accepted that the ruler be

READERS' PHOTO OF THE MONTH

We just know that our readers have some great pictures! If you want to prove it, send your prints (only) to: The Photo Editor, Janus, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB. There will be an award of £10 to the sender of the best each month. Unfortunately no entries can be returned.

There's just one thing to remember – if you show the model's face she'll need to sign a model release form consenting to publication. We'll send you one on receipt of suitable pictures.



The winner this issue is anonymous

employed in a businesslike manner. By the end I had a good idea what she would accept and was well pleased, having moved her pain threshold up a notch or two with a memorably crisp and protracted delivery.

The second time my wife instigated her own chastisement was due to a family niggle. My sister-in-law, Carla, married to an Iberia pilot, has the unfortunate habit of parking herself and her two children on us for July and August. She takes it for granted and never offers anything towards expenses. Her husband who is on long haul also comes from time to time for a few days. No problems: it doesn't bother me and she says we can stay with

them in Madrid at any time for as long as we want. But with normal sisterly jealousy, it got right on my wife's nerves that she should turn up and take it all for granted. She constantly nagged me to ring Carla and tell her she couldn't come. In the end, to preserve marital harmony, and to my very great embarrassment I telephoned her and said not to come as it wasn't convenient at the moment. My wife was delighted and all was sweetness and light.

Two weeks later, I arrived home one evening to be told that Carla had gone to stay with friends in London, it hadn't worked out, and she was turning up in a few days with her two children plus the son of

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a friend from Madrid. She had phoned my wife saying that she was having a terrible time in London, and my wife had welcomed her with open arms having had an attack of conscience after I blocked the visit. Having invoked Carla's displeasure by stopping her against my better judgment, I was now sidetracked and made to look the black ogre. I 'hit the roof' and said that if Carla turned up I would bundle her, the children and the luggage into the estate wagon and dump them at the bottom of our drive and let her sort it out from there.

My wife could see that I meant it and knew from past experience that I can go a bit over the top. She was now on the horns of a dilemma. Not wishing to cause a family rift that might never have healed, and seeing that I was in no mood for compromise, she had to come up with an answer and quite quickly. I piled on the agony a bit as I felt that the whole problem had been caused by her sisterly jealousy and was quite unnecessary. Later that evening, having sat brooding for about two hours, she said, 'Okay, it's my fault. If you let Carla come you can chastise me. I've bought a new crop from Giddens. You can give me six strokes. I'll take them with plenty of temperament and cry out at each stroke. I guarantee you'll enjoy it.' The thought of a bravura performance was more than I could withstand. I weakened, agreed the deal, and we awaited Carla's telephone call.

When the call came on the

Saturday saying that she would be coming on the Monday it was like the telephone call from the Home Secretary to the prison governor saying that the reprieve had been turned down. Arrangements had to be made. 3pm on Sunday was the designated hour. Our own children had to be farmed out to friends for the afternoon. My wife's mother, who sometimes dropped round on a Sunday afternoon, had to be put off. The crop from W & H Gidden of Clifford Street had to be fetched from its hiding place and after inspection was found to be eminently suitable, being lightweight and springy. Horsey people are the most relaxed of any about whipping. You can hardly go to any dinner party without some reference. Recently a local member of the county set said of his very glamorous girlfriend: 'She's a spirited filly, needs firm handling and an occasional whipping.' She laughed and said, 'Yes, and I've got the marks on my bottom to prove it.'

I asked my wife how she felt about her approaching whipping. She said she felt comfortably relaxed now that the arrangements had been made. Everything was organised. The number of strokes had been agreed and the severity was by unspoken mutual consent. She expected her strokes to be painful, not doubting the efficacy of the Gidden.

It was agreed that at 2.30pm madam would go to the shower room, undress, fold her clothes and place them outside the door. And wait nude for 30

minutes before presenting herself in the bedroom. Standing naked, to attention, facing the wall outside the shower room, with toes touching the skirting board. Wishing to observe the niceties of chastisement a lady should expect to be kept waiting for the cane, and my wife accepted that this prelude would set the scene and increase the tension appropriately.

It was further agreed that when she entered the bedroom she should lie face-down on the bed, supporting herself on her forearms. This is a comfortable position and she can squirm. A pile of goosedown pillows placed under her hips would lift her buttocks nicely, presenting them as an ideal target.

When she was ready the Gidden was applied separately to* each buttock-cheek three times with great success. The effect was magical. Each stroke produced a sharp cry with a violent squirm, and the buttocks rotated in a frantic attempt to avoid the crop. Each time, after what seemed to be an age of waiting the bottom was slowly and reluctantly returned to position and held cringingly steady. Then the Gidden's leather loop tapped the spot before being taken back to travel the short distance. The result was a spontaneous shriek, with the buttocks jerked out of reach of the efficient crop.

The Gidden hovered patiently while the buttocks were slowly and nervously inched back into position. It was raised and steadied as it took its time to select the spot, lightly touching the surface before retreating the measured distance. The buttocks' owner held her breath. Tiny beads of perspiration had gathered in the small of her back. The room was silent, with both parties deep in concentration. The Gidden again travelled the short distance, causing a piercing shriek and the buttocks being snatched out of range to the edge of the bed. The Gidden was businesslike, effective, accurate and patient . . . hovering lightly, waiting for the panting owner of the buttocks to once more bring them into full view and place them obediently in position.

As the buttocks were raised

the silence was disturbed by what sounded like the mewing of three tiny kittens. As the buttocks were touched by the stiff leather loop and the Gidden retreated, the mewing increased from three kittens to six. Finally, a lusty shriek signified that one cheek had received its complement and the other cheek now had to be raised to receive its dose. After what seemed an interminable length of time, during which the Gidden hovered patiently, muscular female buttocks were once more hesitatingly inched into position over the pile of goosedown pillows. With back hollowed, her buttocks stretched expectantly, tilted to present the due cheek to the Gidden. Broad, plump female buttocks were alternately raised and presented for attention. The buttocks cringed and their owner involuntarily cried out as the Gidden selected its spot before retreating its measured distance. The buttocks' owner started to whimper and had difficulty holding steady to allow the Gidden to extract its measure of pain.

The thrill comes when an attractive and strong-willed lady accepts the submissive role in CP. The effect need not be too painful but must be painful enough for the recipient to catch her breath and experience a momentary spasm of agony. The prospect of pain is necessary to induce that exciting demeanour of trepidation that exists in a recipient from the moment chastisement is arranged. I was aroused a few years ago when a girl said to me, 'I'm wetting my knickers thinking about Friday. My boyfriend spans me, and he really hurts.'

The crop is a particularly effective instrument as the pain can be nicely measured. A newcomer can be lightly touched-up in a playful manner whereas a more sophisticated maiden can be treated with a little more élan. My preference is for the slightly more mature lady. Youngsters, from observation, whilst often having marvellous bottoms have a light-hearted and jokey manner towards spanking, probably because they have never been spanked by an expert. Whereas, to a more sophisticated woman it is

READERS' LETTERS

more of a commitment, not undertaken lightly, and often with some reluctance. That makes the act of submission all the more exciting.

If *Janus* is to concentrate more on real-life situations, this will make the journal even more stimulating. There must be a welter of true experience to drawn on. The prospect to me is very scintillating. I have not yet had a chance to catch up on back numbers but will in due course. From the review of the last 100 editions I liked the idea of the article on how to develop a CP relationship. Also, I like the model interviews. It is fascinating to get the perspective from one who has actually received corporal punishment. The photography is brilliant in your magazine . . . the models

devastatingly beautiful. And the integrity of the editorial, scrupulous. I think it is a serious magazine, brilliantly conceived and diligently executed.

As a rule of thumb I mentally divide people into 'Plus People' and 'Minus People'. From 'Plus People' you get more than you expect . . . which is where I put *Janus*. And from 'Minus People' you get less than you expect . . . which is where I put every other 'adult' publication. You have a brilliant magazine which is a work of art and will be seriously reviewed in years to come.

Thank you for 100 editions of fascinating insight into the pleasures of CP.

A.R.,
Frinton-on-Sea, Essex

Derrières À Deux

Thank you for publishing my letter and photo in issue 101; it certainly was a thrill to see them in *Janus*!

regularly visits. Sometimes we merely act out our fantasies, but on other occasions when she confesses to deserving it severer treatment is called for, often meted out by both my



Tracy and Susan

If you look at the photo I am now enclosing you will see that mine is not the only bottom to suffer beneath the palm, hairbrush, paddle, tawse and cane of my strict husband! We met Tracy through an ad in a contact magazine several months ago and now she

husband and me.

Perhaps my letter and snap will prompt other readers to delve into their X-rated photo albums and send in some snaps of their uninhibited wives and friends.

Susan W. (Mrs),
Leeds

Contributors' Warning

Would intending contributors please note that the editorial team cannot be reached by telephoning the Janus shop. All communications should be by post, enclosing an SAE if a response is requested. Material submitted without an appropriate SAE will not be returned or acknowledged. If found unsuitable for publication, stories, photos and artwork submitted without an SAE will be disposed of immediately and subsequent correspondence cannot be entered into.

The Times, 25.7.94:

Woman unveiled as porn author

The authorship of *The Story of O*, one of modern literature's most famous pornographic novels, has been solved, ending a 40-year mystery, the *New Yorker* magazine reported yesterday. The book, which many said could only have been written by a man, was penned by a woman.

The magazine said the author of the international best-selling novel of a woman's all-too-willing subjugation to whip-bearing lovers and strangers is a French editor, translator and writer named Dominique Aury, now 86.

Barney Rosset, the American publisher who brought out the most successful US edition of the book, disagreed that there had been any mystery, saying he had always known she was the author. 'I told the *New*

Yorker that. I know her. I've met her. Did I ask her if she wrote it? No. But I never asked Samuel Beckett if he wrote *Waiting for Godot*.' The magazine said that until now, despite flurries of speculation that included Aury's name and legal investigations, no one has publicly taken credit for being the author.

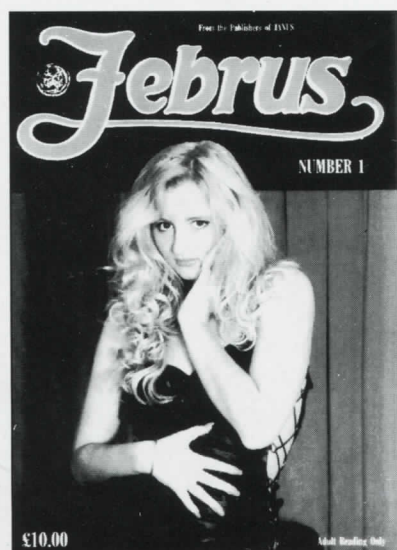
Critics have argued for years over the authorship of *Histoire d'O*. It was published in Paris in 1954 under the pen name of Pauline Reage with an introduction by Jean Paulhan, a member of the French Academy who claimed not to know the author but to know a good book when he saw one. The critics said the book's sexual fantasies – among them whippings, brandings and turning its heroine into a naked owl-masked slave devoid of any humanity – could not have been written by a woman. They said the author must have been male, possibly André Malraux, Raymond Queneau, Henry de Montherlant, Paulhan or the American George Plimpton, who told the magazine: 'It wasn't me but it is a rumour I'd prefer not to scotch'. According to John de St Jorre, in his article 'The Unmasking of O', the book that has outraged legions of feminists was written by a woman for the most politically incorrect of reasons – she was afraid her lover was tiring of her and wanted to revive his interest. The magazine said Aury agreed to be interviewed by de St Jorre and reveal herself as the author because she had struck up a correspondence with him and found him open-minded. The lover for whom the book was written was Paulhan. He privately called it 'the most ardent love letter any man has ever received'.



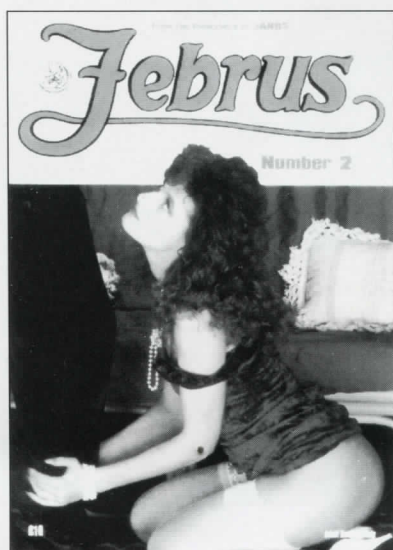
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Februs offers an intriguingly different yet complementary vision of the world of spanking and CP which we are sure will appeal to those of our readers who have not yet seen a copy. Produced by former *Janus* illustrator Paula Meadows and published by the *Janus* organisation, *Februs* provides a more feminine and personal perspective on the subject that fascinates us. Besides a full range of contents, each issue includes many superb original drawings by this uniquely gifted artist.

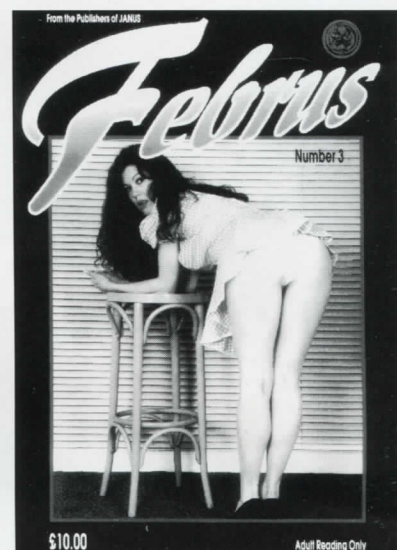
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Surprisingly enough, there are still some regular readers of the world's supreme spanking magazine who have not yet joined the affiliated Privilege Club and are therefore irrevocably missing the wonderful bi monthly club publication *Privilege* – free to members – and the other benefits that only members enjoy, such as easy contact with like-minded CP aficionados and the sharing of ideas and ideals. You can join for the fee of £30 annually (UK and Europe; £45 elsewhere) made payable to Gordon Sergeant, and it could be the gateway to a series of enriching experiences or even a whole new way of life – as many members have discovered. Of course some readers who are non-members may prefer to enjoy *Janus* in total isolation, never meeting another soul devoted to discipline and correction, male or female.

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GORDON SERGEANT
Club Secretary

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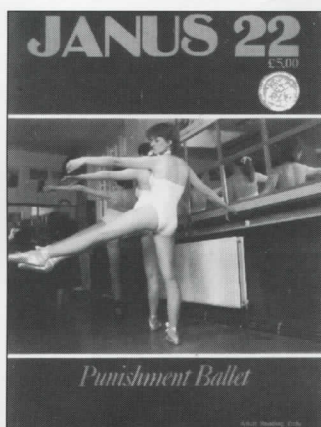
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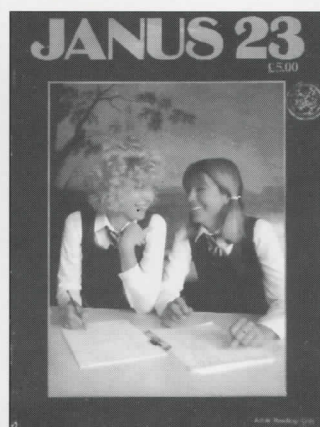
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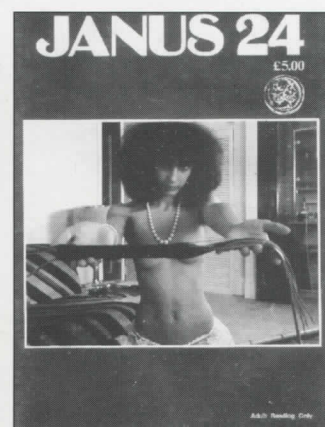
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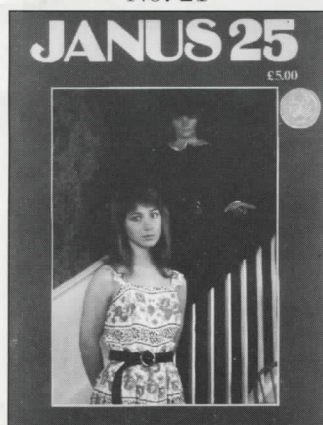
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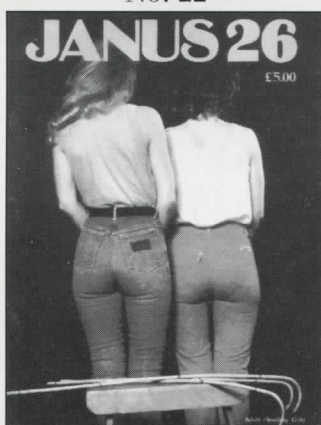
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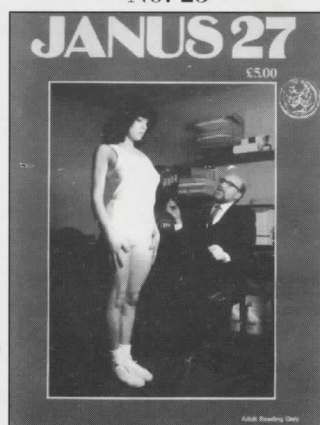
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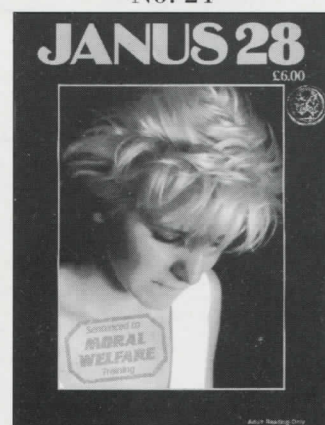
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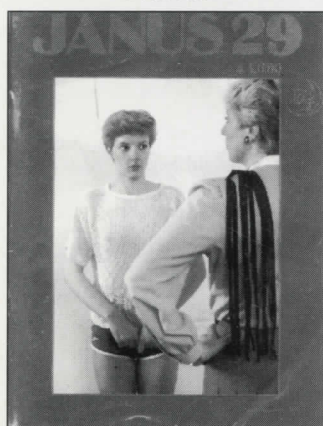
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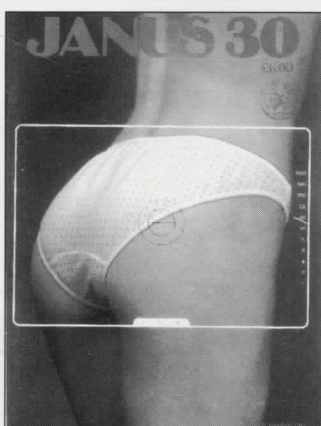
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